

Sports Illustrated

JUNE 22, 1970

60 CENTS

THE WAY IT WAS

by TONY CONIGLIARO



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figure as yet, we can promise you that its mileage will be in the same neighborhood as the best of the economy cars. And that's a pretty good neighborhood.

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What does it all mean?

When all is said and done, it really comes down to just what we said up at the top. If you're going to buy a brand-new electronic calculator, you really ought to get the most singularly advanced one you can find.

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Next week

HORRENDOUS HAZELTINE the "blindman's ball" game in Minnesota, challenges the world's best golfers in the U.S. Open. Dan Jenkins covers the action, from tee to green.

THE WORLD CUP final matches the best sides from Europe and Latin America in Mexico City. Tex Maule reports the climax of soccer's four-year search for a new champion.

WHAT BETTER WAY to get down a river than clumping along cruddy in canoe and kayak? Photographer Del Mulkey captures this splashy sport in an action-color portfolio.

Food prices are up 27% over a 10-year period. Public transportation is up 50%. To beat inflation, it takes more than fixed-dollar reserves, essential as they are. Isn't it time you seriously considered mutual funds?

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BOOKTALK

A famed sportscaasler admits to being a victim of golf, like author Dan Jenkins

For some the game of golf is a whole lifestyle, for others a respite, for most a tormented avocation, but Bobby Jones' marvelous phrase, which *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s Dan Jenkins has chosen for the title of his new book, *The Dogged Victims of the variable Fate* (Little, Brown and Co., \$5.95), its every golfer the way Tommy Bolt fits his slacks.

This game, which the Scots gave to civilization (in retaliation, some say, for their own acquisition of the bagpipe), can be a constantly rewarding and ever-renewing affair for anyone with the patience to pause and look around as he pursues it, to stop—as Walter Hagen used to say—and smell the flowers. That's what Jenkins makes us do in this book, and having smelled the flowers we can be on our way once again, refreshed, smiling a little more broadly and promising never again to throw a club in anger.

Most of this book's contents have appeared in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, but as a golf course plays differently from the back tees, so do Jenkins' pieces seem different between hard covers. Some of them of course are different, in the sense that they have been expanded. Taken together, they make a book that you can read in short sleeves, with no wind to bother you and no blind holes to worry over. Jenkins, himself as dogged a victim as any, has a feel for the game of golf, a feel for words and a perception about people, and he puts it all together in his collection.

Take a stroll with Dan over the sacred courses of Scotland, from the abandoned R.A.F. base at Turnberry to the fuggy mists of Prestwick; go with him to visit the cadie in the Jimmy Cagney hat who doesn't carry his own cigarettes, meet the gang from Goat Hills. They will remind you of your favorite public course, and even if you never had to play one, Dan will make you wish you had, at least once. All the people Dan will introduce you to are real people, from George Low to Arnold Palmer, whom Jenkins describes as the doggedest victim of us all.

I have only one minor quibble with the book. In the chapter about CBS-TV's coverage of the Masters, Dan identifies my friend Bob Dailey as an assistant director. Dailey is a full-fledged director, and one of the best. Aside from that, the rest of the story is as it was at that Masters in 1966. I know, 'cause I was there.

There are stories about golf on the tour in the '60s, putting among the pros, the Masters and the Open, all done with great wit and affection.

Jenkins' book won't tell you how to play a better game of golf, but it will show you how to enjoy the one you're stuck with.

—JACK WERTAKER

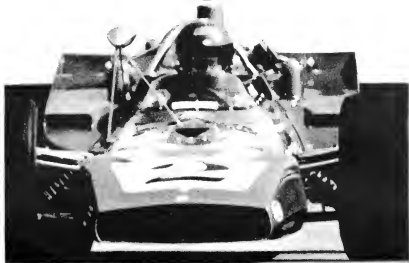
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The lively people who built monuments to death

The Egyptians wrote lyric poetry to lost loves; their doctors prescribed castor oil and used sutures; they endured history's first recorded labor strike, worked out the beginnings of geometry—but had trouble with fractions. Their women used hair curlers, tweezers, and eye-shadow, and workers were allowed "kick leave." (There is even one recorded case of a man excused from work because his wife had beaten him up.)

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

TWO-OWNERSHIPS

The National Hockey League, thinking, perhaps, about future expansion, went Las Vegas and rented a wheel of fortune to determine which of its two newest teams—the Buffalo Sabres or the Vancouver Canucks, who start league play next season—would have first selection in the various player drafts last week in Montreal. Buffalo croupier Punch Imlach won all the spins. Most importantly, Punch won the pro rights to 20-year-old amateur Gilbert Perreault, the center of the Montreal Junior Canadiens, who has been touted as another Bobby Orr.

Except for that, Imlach and Vancouver General Manager Bud Poile emerged from the drafts looking like typical Vegas losers. In fact, Imlach and Poile lost \$6 million apiece—their club owners' price of admission to the NHL. For their money, the two men were permitted to select 18 skaters and two goaltenders in a draft of pro players from the existing franchises. Sadly, Buffalo and Vancouver were forced to start with the 16th-best skater and the third-best goalie on each club. Then, in order to insure that neither club would draft a quality player, the talent-rich clubs in the East Division disposed of their best expendables prior to the draft for such things as "future considerations," "unnamed amateur draft" and "a player or players to be named later."

Only the entrenched club owners consider this a fair system. NHL President Clarence Campbell and NHL Players' Association Executive Director Alan Eagleson both proposed that the owners reduce the number of protected skaters from 15 to no more than 12. The owners rejected this.

As a result, the 1970 draft was a disaster. Only 13 of the 40 players selected spent the better part of last season in the NHL. Only three of the 40—Phil Goyette, Don Marshall and Goalie Charlie Hodge—could be considered quality NHL players, and their average

age is 36. The Chicago Black Hawks gleefully accepted \$333,333.33 for someone named Paul Terbenche, who scored five goals for Portland last year.

SMALL CHANCE

Make Garrett's decision to leave pro football and the Kansas City Chiefs after this season to try and make it as an outfielder with the Los Angeles Dodgers is a brave one. We wish Garrett success, but chances are against him. Some college football stars did very well in baseball, among them Alvin Dark, Jackie Jensen and Jackie Robinson, but there have been some awful busts, too. Vic Janowicz of Ohio State (like Garrett, a Heisman Trophy winner) was a flop with the Pirates. All-America Quarterback Paul Giel of Minnesota never did anything for the New York Giants as a pitcher. Eric Tipton, the Duke fullback, made it to the majors as a mostly wartime ballplayer and Ace Parker, the fine quarterback of the defunct Brooklyn Dodgers in the NFL, hit .179 in two years with the Philadelphia A's. Then there's the great Jim Thorpe, who played six years in the majors and ended up hitting .252. Bud Harrelson, the 150-pound Met shortstop, put it bluntly when he said of Garrett: "He has been away from baseball for five years. I've been away from football six years. I could step into football with Kansas City tomorrow and do a job, like catching passes, better than he could step into baseball and do a job."

Föhn and Gandy

What high altitude was to the Mexican Olympics, the notorious *Föhn*—an ill wind that blows north from the Mediterranean into Germany—might be to Munich. Physicians and meteorologists increasingly agree that headaches and fatigue supposedly caused by this warm wind may be more than mere superstition. Recently, 65 sports physicians meeting in Munich discussed various aspects of the phenomenon. They decided

that while natives and longtime residents of Munich tend to suffer under the *Föhn*, new arrivals feel rather exhilarated by it—for a while. Out-of-town soccer teams, for example, tend to excel against tired local clubs. Thus, if there is a *Föhn* in August 1972 (and the odds say there will be), records may tumble before the onslaught of hyped-up visitors.

CANNED EMOTION

You can send out for almost anything these days. Now a football team needing an invigorating pep talk can put \$6.75 together and buy a record by Ray Eliot, associate director of athletics at the University of Illinois and former head football coach of the Illini. According to an ad in the *Letterman*, a magazine for high school athletes, "Ray Eliot pulls no punches in this 30-minute inspirational speech. It challenges one to reexamine himself in respect to football and life. . . . Coach Eliot motivates others to have desire, make the sacrifice and pay whatever price is necessary to win. . . . Coaches are playing a just before game time as a new approach to getting their clubs mentally ready."



It could help, but what coaches would really like someone to come up with is a Dial-a-Star service that could produce on request a couple of big, rough tackles and maybe a 9.3 running back or two.

POOR FISH

One of the worst single fish kills in the history of the U.S. occurred last week

continued

in the Hudson River between the city of Hudson and Albany, N.Y. Warning water temperatures, coupled with enormous loads of raw sewage from Albany, Troy and other municipalities, caused dissolved oxygen values in the river to sink to almost zero in the 30-mile stretch. According to Everett Nack, a commercial fisherman who was the first to report the kill, "It was the most horrible thing I've ever seen." Most of the dead fish were herring, which run in from the Atlantic to spawn. There were also shad up to five pounds and fingerling striped bass. The toll is estimated to be at least one million.

TRUE CHAMP

At the moment his affairs are as complicated as his name. Is he Muhammad Ali or Cassius Clay? Technically, the True Champ, as he refers to himself, is still suspended from the Muslim faith and, although he officially has no right to the name Ali, he prefers it to Cassius. Ali's period of banishment expired in March, and by now he should be back in the Muslim fold. Instead, as in boxing, he is still out in the cold. Last week Justice Black of the Supreme Court rejected a bid for permission for Ali to leave the country briefly so he could fight Joe Frazier in Toronto.

Actually, if it were all up to Ali, he would just as soon go to jail and serve his time. "I'll be 31 when I get out if I go this year," he says. "Then I'd be free to travel. I'll be the first black champ that the white man hasn't whipped. They can't stop the True Champ. Joe Frazier and the world, watch out when I get out." The idea that Frazier might beat him in a fight is a joke to the True Champ. "All this talk about Smokin' Joe being too much for Ali is nothing," he says. "I ain't brainwashed by a little boy who made his bad reputation by beating a 300-pound blimp. I know Joe Frazier would be a perfect opponent. He'd be coming at me, smoking, and I'd be hitting him with the fastest jab ever seen in the ring, a jab that's quicker than a blink."

With no fight in the offing and prison still uncertain, Ali is awaiting his fate comfortably in Philadelphia. This past winter he got a reported \$225,000 advance for his autobiography, and he promptly bought a 15-room mansion. He says every room has a TV set and a telephone. "I play with my little girl,

work around the house and clean out the swimming pool, that's how I spend my time," he says. "And, you know, I enjoy it. But it won't bother me to go to jail, if that's what has to be."

THE SKI WAR (CONT.)

Each year about this time the ski people come down from the hills for their annual convention, and they prove each year that they don't get along any better in pinstripe suits than they do in parkas. Last week, when the U.S. Ski Association session in San Francisco ended, about the only unanimous action taken was to elect Snowshoe Thompson to the National Ski Hall of Fame—which was pretty noncontroversial, since Snowshoe has been dead for 64 years.

Otherwise, typically, the delegates argued a lot about amateurism in racing but resolutely did not settle the issue, even after hearing a warning from International Olympic Chief Avery Brundage that all cheaters would be cleansed from the Winter Games. Then members voted out USSA President Earl Walters in exchange for IBM executive Charles Gibson, who promised a more responsible fiscal policy. The USSA needs it, having just arranged a \$180,000 loan from a Cleveland bank, which is handy, but the association still has not faced the fact that ski industry manufacturers, who used to support USSA, have now found it much easier to pay the racers directly.

WHITTLE WHILE YOU PLAY

Suburban Stamford, Conn. is hardly Indian country, but it is the headquarters for Remo Cipri, a 44-year-old artist who specializes in totem poles. Cipri is now at work on a pole depicting his vision of American sports.

Cipri has carved eight poles in the past two years, and his latest will be the largest totem pole on the East Coast. He chose a tulip tree, originally 130 feet in length, and the completed pole will be 50 feet long, with a nine-foot circumference and a three-foot diameter. It will weigh almost eight tons. Cipri cut down the tree himself—besides being an artist, he works as a tree man—and hauled it to his front yard where he can work with it in a horizontal position.

Cipri began at the top, carving a moon, which he says "depicts the day we live in." Next comes an eagle with its wings spread to "Symbolize Amer-

ica." The first of five six-foot sporting figures is a football player, an Indian in a helmet, as the artist feels that football is the No. 1 American sport. Below is a baseball player—a white man with a bat in his hands, which Cipri describes as a "crude" instrument, rather "like a war club." Next in line is a black basketball player. "From what I see and feel," Cipri says, "the black man dominates that field." The figure is designed to resemble Walt Chamberlain. Tangled in his legs is a little man "who is trying to get at Chamberlain and is always frustrated."

The last two figures—a tennis and an ice hockey player—are still to be completed. Cipri's neighbors have been wandering past the yard to watch his progress and take pictures. He will reach the bottom of the totem pole in about a month when, one hopes, none of the passersby will be hockey fans.

KEE-RASHI

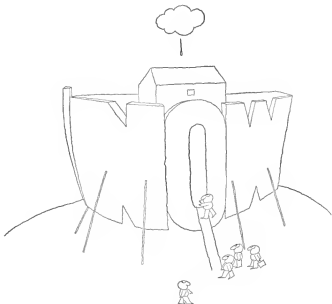
The sports of golf, bowling and tennis seem ideally suited for pro-am tournaments. The celebrities pair with the pros, and the money goes to charity. Now auto racing is about to have a pro-am. The officials of the new Ontario (Calif.) Motor Speedway are planning one for August over a 2.5-mile road course. The make of the car and the length of the race have yet to be decided, but the format will be simple: the amateurs will drive a few laps, pit and then let the pros take over. Among the pros who will compete are Al Unser, Mario Andretti, Graham Hill and Jackie Stewart. On the amateur side are Paul Newman, Roman Polanski and Dick Smothers.

It has been suggested that to add excitement, speedway officials invite one celebrated amateur of sports to try his hand at the wheel. That sportsman is Vice President Agnew.

THEY SAID IT

• Adolph Rupp, University of Kentucky basketball coach, on the shooting ability of Lou Dampier, former UK player now with the Kentucky Colonels in the ABA: "God taught Louis how to shoot, and I took credit for it."

• Walt Garrison, Dallas Cowboys fullback, owner of a Rhodesian Ridgeback, a breed of dog once used to hunt lions, replying to scoffers: "Well, I haven't seen any lions around here since we got him." **END**



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SOCCER IS A FRENZY



Always a sport that incites extravagant response, it provoked an entire nation to a vast emotional spree at the World Cup competition in Mexico as the home team enjoyed some early successes **by TEX MAULE**

The Mexicans have a word for it—*la locura*. *La locura* means a mixture of madness and folly. Add to that marimba music, murder, serenades and suicide and you have a rather feeble description of the psychedelic atmosphere of the competition for the world soccer championship in Mexico.

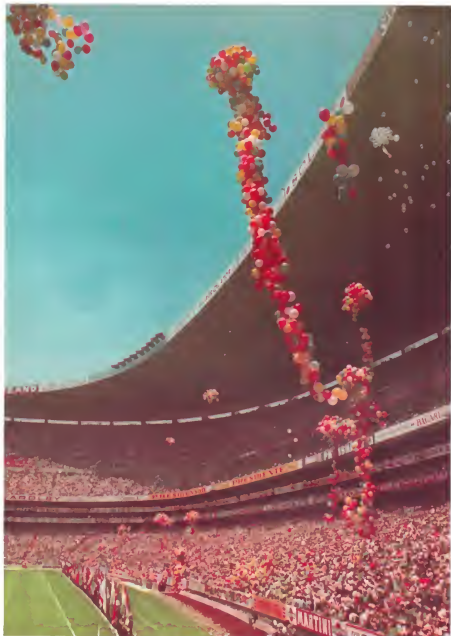
Under the best of conditions, soccer seems to breed far more emotion than any other team sport. At all four locations where World Cup games were played in Mexico—Guadalajara, León, Mexico City and Toluca-Puebla—the players and officials were protected from the crowds by barbed wire and a moat, a not unreasonable precaution, because in far less important matches officials and players have been steamed to death by frustrated fans. None of the players on the 16 national teams competing in the quadrennial tournament for the Jules Rimet Cup have suffered any direct physical damage from the fans. That is probably the result, in good measure, of the very efficient organization of the games by the Mexicans, and traffic and crowd control at most of the sites has been exemplary. In the opening game at Mexico City's Aztec Stadium, a massive, handsome structure built for the World

Cup, did the organization break down. Besieged by a happy, howling mob of 112,504 flag-waving fans who had come in a fantastic variety of cars, buses and trucks and on bicycles, burros and huachucas, the Mexican police gave up the battle. They stood about in small, philosophical groups discussing the weather, the odds on a Mexican victory over Russia and the vicissitudes of life for a traffic cop surrounded by idiots.

The result was chaos. The stadium opened at 8:30 a.m. but the people bearing banners, *borrachitos* (Mexican sandwiches) and picnic blankets began arriving at 7. By 10, still two hours before game time, the environs of the stadium had been choked in a stupendous traffic jam. Cars were parked in the middle of an expressway, on the shoulders of the access roads, in no-parking zones and on sidewalks. The unfortunate drivers who could not find illegal parking places honked "Meh-he-co, Meh-he-co, Meh-he-co" in ear-splitting cadence or de-

continued

Balloons fly and flags are paraded before Mexico plays Russia in Mexico City. In Guadalajara a massive statue fronts the stadium.





WORLD CUP roundup

serted their cars to buy Mexican flags from the ubiquitous roadside stands.

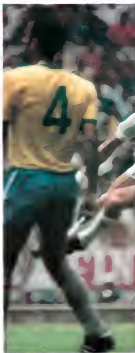
The game itself hardly justified all the excitement. The Russians, playing with the patterned discipline of the European style of soccer, seemed content to settle for a tie and, surprisingly, so did the Mexicans. The result was a cautious 0-0 draw, reminiscent of the opening of the World Cup competition in England in 1966 when England and Uruguay produced the same result in the same kind of game. The fans whistled at the Russians for what they considered rough play and whistled at the officials for not being more strict, but they were really rather good-humored about the whole thing.

For the first two weeks, play was divided into four-team divisions, the strongest of which was the one in Guadalajara, comprised of England, the defending world champion, Brazil, twice holder of the championship, and Rumania and Czechoslovakia, two very strong European sides. The first two teams in each division qualified for the quarterfinal knockout competition.

The key game in the first week was between England and Brazil. Brazil was generally conceded to be the best of the Latin American teams, and England, on

the basis of its 1966 championship and continuing success since then, was considered the most formidable European side. The English team is coached by Sir Alf Ramsey, a phlegmatic, balding man who was knighted by Queen Elizabeth in 1966 after taking England to the title. Sir Alf is a notably silent knight, who speaks sparingly to English journalists and almost not at all to others. He made his position bluntly clear when he arrived in Mexico. "We have not come here to win a tournament of courtesies," said he. "We have come to play soccer."

The English irritated their Mexican hosts in a number of other ways. They brought their own bottled water, their own bacon and sausage and even their own bus, equipped with high-back seats and card tables. Since there is a Mexican law banning the import of any food that might transmit hoof and mouth disease, the English supplies were destroyed on arrival and the team had to subsist on Mexican *salcichas*, sausages considerably hotter than their British equivalent. A leather merchant in Mexico City expressed the feeling of his countrymen. "We consider them our *huelspedes*," he said. "You know, when you have guest





Outnumbered more than 10 to 1, British partisans at the Brazil-England match saw their team lose despite fine saves by goalie Gordon Banks (above) and flying heroics of Bobby Charlton



in your house, is for him everything of the best. The best to eat, the best to drink, the best of your courtesy. And our sausages—I have not eaten of the sausages of England, but I can tell you Mexican sausage. . . ." he kissed his fingers and rolled his eyes. "But when you do all this for your guest and he turns away"—he turned away and looked very much like a man who has stepped in something unpleasant. "then you no longer have a feeling of pleasure with your guest."

The feeling of pleasure did not last long in Guadalajara, and the Mexicans, with the assistance of the 2,000 Brazilians on hand to support their team, employed a peculiarly Latin method of expressing their displeasure. They serenaded the British team en masse. A serenade, Mexican or Brazilian style, is a pleasant thing, but not when it is rendered at 3 in the morning by some 200 people, most of them equipped with drums, frying pans, horns, scratchers and various other noisemaking devices. The first night the serenaders entertained the British delegation they were finally driven off by armed guards who fired a volley into the air to make their point. The volley served the double purpose of convinc-

ing the serenaders that they should leave and awakening the few English players who had slept through the music.

By the time more than 70,000 fans had gathered in Guadalajara's modern, bowl-shaped stadium for the match between England and Brazil, sentiment had been totally polarized. Five thousand-odd Englishmen cheered for the British, and everyone else backed Brazil.

The game itself was a good one, and the odds are that it was watched on television by the biggest audience in history. In England 29 million saw it, making the British viewing strength almost equivalent to the one that watched the first moon landing and the return of the crew of Apollo 13 to earth. (Estimates of the worldwide audience for the matches in Mexico ranged from 700 million to a billion.)

The English dominated the early going, moving deliberately in the white, hot sun. Their defense was superb. It was almost 10 minutes before the Brazilians had a reasonable shot at goal, and when they did, Gordon Banks, the veteran English goalkeeper who is generally regarded as one of the best in the world, made an astonishing, acrobatic save on a header by Pele. The goal that

continued



gave Brazil a 1-0 victory came 14 minutes into the second half, as the result of a lovely bit of team play involving what is probably the strongest trio of attackers in all of soccer—Edson Arantes do Nascimento (Pelé), Jair Ventura Filho (Jairzinho) and Eduardo Gonçalves de Andrade (Tostão).

Tostão started it, moving against the right side of the English defense, dribbling the ball carefully under pressure from three English defenders. Without looking, he tapped the ball sideways to Pelé. "I didn't see Pelé while I was dribbling," he said later, "but I knew where he would be because every time I go to my left he covers the center. I wasn't wrong."

Pelé took the ball directly in front of the English goal, well within shooting range, and might reasonably have taken the shot. But he saw two English defenders moving over to block him, so he sent a gentle, beautifully accurate pass wide to his right, to Jairzinho. "I didn't shoot because I saw the road was closed," he said. "And I saw Jairzinho was placed better."

Jairzinho took one step, then rocketed the ball past Banks—who had come out of the goal mouth in a desperate attempt to deny Jairzinho an angle. "Tostão and Pelé, with their talent, were the authors of the goal," Jairzinho said. "I just took the shot, putting everything I had in it, all my heart. With my teammates, I can score many goals. It's marvelous playing beside men like Pelé and Tostão. They can be off most of a game, then have an instant of genius, which is enough."

Late in the game England missed at least two clear opportunities to score. Said Sir Alf, "The best team did not win today. Brazil was a very good team in an even match. They took their one chance and we failed in ours."

The Brazilian victory, coupled with Mexico's 4-0 win over El Salvador in Mexico City, set off a night of riotous carnival all over Mexico. Guadalajara, a modern, clean city that looks as if it had been transplanted from Southern California, went berserk. Normally a dignified community, it is also the home of the mariachi band, an affront to the drum consisting of guitars of various

sizes, violins and trumpets. The trumpets dominated the sound, and Sir Alf and the English team probably slept little that night.

The Mexican victory over El Salvador hardly seemed reason enough for the madness that lasted all night in Mexico City. An apocryphal story making the rounds of the bars in the city before the match indicates what small chance El Salvador was given to beat anyone. The El Salvador coach is supposed to have approached Sir Alf and said, "Sir Alf, we are a poor nation, struggling to get along. Could you give me some tips on training?"

"The secret is work, work, work," Sir Alf told him. "When we practice, we set up 11 garbage cans as an obstacle course for our players to work around."

A week later Sir Alf ran into the El Salvador coach again. "How did it go?" he asked.

The coach shook his head sadly. "The garbage cans beat us two in a row," he said.

The population of Mexico City could not have cared less whether their team had defeated El Salvador, 11 garbage cans or England. The Mexicans poured into the streets, ignoring a drenching rain. They climbed the portico over the entrance to the Maria Isabel Hotel, press headquarters for the World Cup, and dislodged a 12-foot-in-diameter fiberglass soccer ball. Then they rolled it two miles down 20th of November Street to the principal square of the city—the Zocalo—where they tore it to bits for souvenirs. For the most part the celebration was innocuous enough, but an ominous note of violence crept in later as the Mexican tipples of tequila, pulque and beer began to take effect. Hermán González, apparently an objective soccer fan, had the poor judgment to tell his friend, Epiquino Sánchez Luna, that Mexico's victory over El Salvador did not prove much, since the Salvadorean team was, in his words, "a lemon." González was shot through the heart for his honesty. Three other Mexicans met violent deaths in soccer arguments during the first two weeks. In El Salvador no one was murdered, but the defeat caused a suicide. Eighteen-year-old Amelia Bellosafer, watching El Salvador lose on TV, retired to her room and shot herself through the right temple.

In the other venues in Mexico the jubilation was not quite as uncontrolled. In León, the pedestrian shoe capital of the nation, West Germany demonstrated a clear superiority over the competition, and a surprisingly strong Peruvian team moved into the quarterfinals with the Germans. Morocco, whose coach had said earlier that he realized his was the "funny team" in the tournament and that the team had come to learn, not to win, played an inspired, scrambling game against the Germans to hold them to a 2-1 victory, then subdued into learning. In Toluca-Puebla, Israel, a team of amateurs, held Sweden and Italy to draws, but the Italians and Uruguay finally qualified also.

Mexico initiated another night of carnival by beating a rough Belgium team 1-0 in Mexico City, and entering the quarterfinal with Russia. Six more were killed. At the time one shuddered at the thought of what would happen if the Mexicans went on and won the Cup. "If Mexico wins," said one happy official, "we will have another revolution."

The last revolution was in 1910, but the next one will be delayed at least four more years, because the hosts were eliminated in the quarterfinal round on Sunday. An Italian team that had been improving steadily over the course of the tournament won easily 4-1 as its star, Luigi Riva, scored two goals.

On the same day the celebrated English defense failed for the first time. England led West Germany 2-0 at the half, but yielded two goals to send the match into overtime. Then the superb Gerd Müller scored his eighth goal on the Mexican scene to knock out the defending champions. Before the match the Germans had received a cable from Chancellor Willy Brandt urging them to avenge their overtime defeat by England in the 1966 Cup final in London. They did not match the score of that defeat (4-2), but the 3-2 victory was good enough to put them in the semifinal round against Italy.

Brazil faced Uruguay in the other semifinal after beating Peru and Russia respectively, and the pairings assured a Europe-Latin American final this week. As Pelé continued to perform in the style that has earned him worldwide accolade—he was the key player in all four of Brazil's goals against Peru—the Brazilians were considered strong favorites to win the Cup.

END

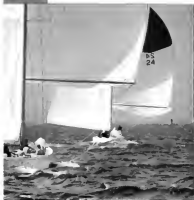
Wildly celebrating crowds filled streets leading to Mexico City's Independence statue after the host team beat Belgium with this goal.



FIRST GUNS IN A SEA WAR



The beauty of Heritage's varnished hull was not equaled by her speed. Here she sails on the wind.



Valiant leads Intrepid on a beat (left), her strong suit, and again downwind under spinnaker (above).

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TRELO

Olin Stephens' Valiant sailed out ahead as three tall native contenders opened America's Cup hostilities

The 120th year of this country's supremacy in the prideful, costly naval warfare called America's Cup racing began more or less officially last week with the competitive debuts of the three U.S. contenders for 1970. They are Valiant, Intrepid and Heritage, and during the week they established themselves in that order as overdog, middle-dog and underdog. In light to moderate winds on Long Island Sound, Valiant won four races from Intrepid by margins ranging from 2 minutes, 22 seconds to 10 seconds, lost two to her by 2:17 and :50 and walloped Heritage by 5.42. A successful protest of a starting-line foul converted Intrepid's narrowest loss to a statistical victory, but Valiant had led at every mark.

Question. Given that Olin Stephens, the designer of Valiant, is undefeated in three postwar America's Cup defenses with Columbia (1958), Constellation (1964) and the original Intrepid (1967), and as a boy wonder helped execute the fabulous Ranger (1937), is it necessary to board and scuttle his boats to beat him? The casual spectator on the Sound last week might say yes, since Valiant seemed to point higher and foot faster than her rivals on most of the windward legs and do well downwind, too. But these were preliminary trials. Neither Charley Morgan, the designer-builder-helmsman-sailmaker of Heritage, nor Britton Chance, the young man who redesigned Intrepid's hull for 1970, was despondent. Plenty of mistakes were made on all three boats. Valiant began the week better tuned. Unlike the others, she had practiced against a trial horse. Weatherly, the 1962 defender, now beelied up so much she may be a "13-meter" rather than a Twelve. Intrepid used soiled old sails from her 1967 defense because Chance had not yet made up his mind where the headstay should go and if changes in the rigging might require other sail alterations. She will get new sails soon. "It would have been a lot better to have won all the races," said Chance. "Nevertheless, it's encouraging that we did as well as we did." Heritage was the most beautiful Twelve, her hull a golden hue beside the others' virginal white, but she arrived late, in time for only two races. Intrepid handled her just about as easily as Valiant.

The next American trials run July 7-18 in the cup waters off Newport, the showdown selection trials begin Aug. 18, the defense itself starts Sept. 15 against Australia's Gretel II or France's namesake, France. Whatever the competition is called, the real game is to beat Olin Stephens. Whoever contrives to do so will have a famous victory.

—HUGH D. WHALL



DREAMY TIMES FOR MINI-BOMBERS

The new New York Yankees are small and, in a Met-dominated land, anonymous, but are they feisty and do they have visions? They even are talking championship again **by PETER CARRY**

It is really too bad Sigmund Freud is dead. He would have had a grand time with Yankee Fritz Peterson and perhaps he might have been able to shed new light on the outcome of the rapidly tightening pennant race in the American League's Eastern Division. This is not to suggest that Peterson, who is no flakier than any other member of the traditionally kooky genus called left-handed pitcher, needs a shrink, Viennese or otherwise. He is simply a dreamer who does not understand the meaning of his frequent dreams, though he remembers and retells them vividly.

Freudian fans can begin by trying to analyze this one. The night before a recent start, Peterson dreams that he was





Stealing two runs from Twins. Bobby Murcer kicks ball away from Paul Retzliff (left), then Roy White leads return throw to Bill Zapp.

sleeping in a hotel room with his wife, Chip. (Chip's real name is Marilyn, but she rarely hears it. When they were dating at Northern Illinois University, where Peterson received his master's degree and has been a billiards instructor in the off season, Chip's future husband decided that she needed something to complement her maiden name of Monks.) They awoke around 2 a.m. to find Tom and Nancy Scaver sitting, fully clothed—how un-f-reudian—on the other bed in the room. "They had just returned from a road trip," explains Peterson. "I started to talk to Tom and found out he's building apartment houses just like I am back home. He told me he needed one more reference to get

his loan. I said, 'Really?' and he answered, 'No, I can get anything I want at this time.' He wasn't being bratty or smart. He just said it. I talked to him some more and I found out I liked him. Nancy seemed nice, too, but she didn't say much. Then when we got up to see them to the door, 10 other Mets walked out of our bathroom eating salami. We all went out into the hall of the hotel where the Mets were eating at these big, long tables. It ended there. I don't know what it means."

Peterson, who walks around with his hair sprouting up every which way and his uniform shirt bloused over his belt or his double-breasted blazer flopping open, always looks like he just got up

from another dream. A man in his condition can be excused if he fails to perceive the obvious. After last week, when the surprising Yankees moved within three games of the heretofore unflappable Baltimore Orioles, any analyst—M.D. or not—could see what Peterson's dream meant. The Yanks, who are solidly in second, five games ahead of the third-place Tigers, are showing strong signs of getting back into their old business of challenging for championships.

There were corollaries, too. Should the Yankees pull off a Metslike miracle this season, they will take back some of the rich New York salami their interborough rivals have been devouring all by themselves the past year. One of the biggest

continued

Drawing first blood against Kansas City, Murcer, who had sprained, evades Jack Hernandez' tag to steal second. He later scored on an error.



feasters could be Fritz Peterson himself. With an apt, new screwball added to his array of pitches, he has a 9-2 record, better than Seaver's at this time a year ago. And, Chip, despite her nickname, hardly looks like a rodent, even next to the widely acclaimed Mrs. Seaver.

Of course, Peterson is not the only Yankee keenly pursuing a return to glory. As anonymous a lot as was ever ignored by the New York media, the Yanks have suddenly turned into a polished team that is showing far more enthusiasm for the chase than earlier and browner teams from the Bronx. Infielder Danny Cater, who before he came to New York from the Athletics this winter had achieved a measure of fame in Philadelphia, Chicago, Kansas City and Oakland simply because he was the most unknown good hitter in the game, twice was caught in the definitely unbombersh act of scoreboard watching during a series in Kansas City last weekend. In the ninth inning of Peterson's latest win, a five-hit shutout, Cater walked to the mound to tell the pitcher that the Orioles had just fallen behind by two runs in the 11th inning of their game. The next night Cater was less restrained, waving to the Yankee outfielders to check the scoreboard that had just flashed that Baltimore was trailing 7-2.

A smooth, right-handed line drive hitter, Cater has brightened up the Yankee batting, if not the conversation, but predictably, despite his .303 average and 39 RBIs, he was not listed on the All-Star ballot. One of the two Yankees who were, Leftfielder Roy White, is a prototype for the new Yanks. He is small and fast. Only three of the regulars stand over 6 feet and the starting lineup weighs in at less than 180 pounds a man. New York is 10th in the American League in team batting average and last in home runs. Yet the team ranks third in runs scored, right behind hard-hitting Baltimore and Minnesota, because the Yankees are fourth in stolen bases, first in walks and first in sacrifice flies. This last category results from a team habit of moving routinely from first to third on singles. White, who is averaging .351, and Cater have hit spectacularly with men on base. Between them they have 81 RBIs, an extraordinary total at this point in the season for primarily singles hitters.

White hardly looks like he belongs on the field when he walks to the plate.

His forearms are the thick, sinewy limbs of the worst hitter he is and his shoulders are broad, but the rest of his physique appears dangerously frail. With his helmet propped high and square on his head, he would fit in much better dressed in silks and boots at Aqueduct than in the batter's box hitting cleanup. His stance is one an eighth-place hitter on a girls' softball team might use. He chokes up four inches, drops his hands down to his belt, lets the bat fall parallel to the ground and holds it at a 45° angle from his body. Just as he begins his swing, he cocks the bat back slightly and flicks it in a tight arc.

"There is no way this guy will ever hit," Peterson says each time White comes to bat, yet the results have been so punishing that White is now one of the most feared hitters in the league. Last season he was walked every 6.5 times he came to the plate. This year he has been helped by the presence of Cater in the lineup behind him and by the union mailmen in New York. When the postmen went on strike last spring, White's hospital unit was one of those called up to assist in mail distribution. As a result, he has been given an early release from the service and the nag-

ging weekend drills. "I felt like it was a miracle I hit .280 last year," White said in his extra-deep voice. "Every time I went in for my drill periods, it would take four or five days after I got back to get my timing again."

The hitting of Cater and White along with All-Star nominee Centerfielder Bobby Murcer, who was streaking with a .364 average during the past two weeks, and rookie Catcher Thurman Munson, who has batted .303 since beginning the year with a 1-for-30 slump, boosted the team when its known strength, starting pitching, failed. In the Yankees' first 52 games, the pitchers were able to finish only four times. On April 26 New York was in last place in its division and Mel Stottlemyre, a 20-game winner the past two seasons, had lost three of four decisions. During May, as the Yankees moved up to second place, the bullpen won seven of the team's 17 victories and was awarded saves in eight of the others.

"I said all along that the starters would come around just as soon as we hit some good weather," said Manager Ralph Houk last week. "I know the bad weather affects everybody's pitching early in the season, but we got more rain and cold than anyone else. Every place we went they'd apologize for the weather and then say, 'You should've been here all last week, the weather was great.'"

The temperatures, which were unseasonably low for 22 of New York's early games, forced Houk to turn frequently to his bullpen, Lindy McDaniel, Jack Aker and Steve Hamilton, all of whom bounced around with other teams before coming to New York and are set apart from their younger teammates.

"I guess we're all pretty much alike. Jack's a pretty quiet guy who stays mostly to himself," said Hamilton. "Lindy and I have a lot in common. He's a preacher and I'm interested in religion, too. We spend a lot of time talking about what's going on today, the morality, the dope problems, the things that are making the kids react the way they have been." McDaniel preaches at the Prisset & Lobit Street Church of Christ in Baytown, Texas in the off season and carries a typewriter on road trips to edit an evangelical newsletter called *Pitching for the Master* that is sent to all major-leaguers. Aker is handsome enough to be a matinee idol, but Hamilton and McDaniel both look older than their mid-30s because they have had gray hair



Starter Fritz Peterson is dreaming constantly.

**After the rally,
this hell-raiser settles
down to family life.**



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since they were in their late teens.

"Until this year I used to color my hair with a chemical, so I didn't look as gray as I do now," said McDaniel. "I tried that once," said Hamilton. "It was when I was first going to spring training and someone convinced me that if I looked too old the Indians wouldn't take a chance on me. So I went out and bought the chemical the night before I was supposed to go. I took it in the shower and lathered it in my hair real good. Pretty soon I noticed my chest was striped with the dye and I looked in the mirror and my ears had turned black. I had to use Borax to get it off, but I didn't change my hair color at all."

Except for the relievers and sometime starter Mike Kekich, most of the pitching staff, like a majority of the team's hitters, have been developed in the club's farm system that has thrived under General Manager Lee MacPhail. While the new, lightweight Yankees were being built, New York fans slipped away in hordes to watch the Mets, and the loss has begun to show significantly at places other than just the gate, where it has been plenty noticeable. While Met attendance so far this year is up by approximately 240,000, the Yanks have lost 39,000. Worse, WHN—one of the most powerful New York radio stations—announced it would drop Yankee broadcasts next year. The Yankees bought time for 94 telecasts this season, the lowest number in years, and still have not sold all of the time for them.

As New York cut 2½ games off the slumping Orioles' lead last week, there were signs of a mild renewal of fan interest at Yankee Stadium. Bat Day, which normally draws a crowd of over 50,000 brought in 65,880, the largest gate in the majors in five years. (No other park except Cleveland's can hold that many people.) Two succeeding week-night games, which produced a sweep over the Twins, each drew around 20,000 spectators. And they were bright, cheering fans who enlivened the stadium, which, even in these days of the Astro-dome and new, multicolored, multi-colored stadia, remains the most majestic ball park in the country.

Yankee fans never learned how to cheer for a loser, something National League rooters in New York seem to know how to do instinctively. In recent years at Yankee Stadium the crowds have been hushed and bored, as if they had

come on the odd chance that they might see something truly exciting happen, like a man falling out of the upper deck. But last week they were awake and yelling, their roars rolling loud and long from the shadowy recesses in the main deck and the mezzanine when Second Baseman Horace Clarke hit a two-run home run to defeat the Twins and bring New York's record on its latest home stand to seven wins in eight games.

The next two wins, both on the road against Kansas City, may prove to be more important because they came on days when the Orioles were losing at home and also helped to open additional ground between the Yanks and the Tigers and Red Sox. Peterson finished up the starters' revival that Houk had promised for the hot weather. They pitched five complete games over a span of six fairly temperate days and Scottlemyre edged his record to 6-4 with a five-hitter and a four-hitter.

"That's encouraging," said White. "We stayed close without our starters, just going with a bunch of young guys who like to talk hitting. Now if the starting pitchers are right, we can move up."

White himself did most of the moving last Saturday night with a hoost from the two old gray hairs who two weeks before began to show signs of tiring af-

ter their hard month's work. The Yanks defeated the Royals 9-4 in 12 innings and went 11 games over .500 for the first time since the pennant year of 1964. It was an extraordinary game in which the Royals' new Manager Boh Lemon was ejected; New York Shortstop Gene Michael broke up a Royals' rally by pulling the hidden-ball trick on the go-ahead run at second base; Yankee Third Baseman Jerry Kenney was called out for interfering with the catcher; and White rapped five hits for the first time in his big league career. He drove in a run in the first with a single, another in the fourth with a home run. In the top of the 12th when New York scored five runs, he had the key hit, a line single to right that pushed the winning runner to third base with none out.

Hamilton came on in the seventh inning to close off a Royals' rally and he and McDaniel pitched the last five innings without allowing a run. Tinkling on the scoreboard late in the game when McDaniel was trotting to and from the mound to frisky maneuver he adopted this year, perhaps to keep the crowd from noticing his gray hair? was the final score of another Baltimore loss.

"We know Baltimore is the best team on paper," concedes Hamilton. "We're going to need help. We realize we must play as well as we possibly can against them and still they'll have to make a few mistakes for us to win. But great teams have dropped quickly before. The Yanks were great in '63, almost didn't win in '64 and were sixth in '65."

"Sure, they're the team to beat," says a somewhat neutral observer from Washington, Ted Williams. "But the one thing you've got to write in when you write about Baltimore is age." Then there is a mysterious factor in match-ups between clubs from New York and Baltimore that has haunted three excellent teams, the Colts, the Bullets and, of course, the Orioles, the past three years.

Houk, who is not yet hypnotized by the sniff of salami or champagne, remains the realist for his hungry young team. "I don't watch the scoreboard," he said late Saturday night. "Hell, it's not even the All-Star break yet."

Maybe not, but Fritz Peterson is still dreaming. Before his latest start, he said, "I dreamt I was riding a mini-bike with a flat tire. I don't know what it means." Peterson didn't seem the least bit worried. Freud, anyone?

END



Reliever Steve Hamilton is grinning winningly.

FOR WHAT THESE TWO YOU COULD BE ON NETWORK

Don't imagine that this is going to be an argument against magazines.

On the contrary. Would we be talking to you from a magazine if we didn't think magazines were worth it?

Actually, this isn't going to be an argument at all.

We'll just present a couple of facts about network radio and ask you to draw your own conclusions.

First of all, do you know what a radio network is?

A recent inquiry about the first advertisement in this series complained that we never really explained network radio. Sorry.

Network radio is a system of communication in which many radio stations are linked together electronically to carry programming from a single source.



The stations are called "affiliates." Each week, they carry a certain amount of network programming, which may consist of:

1. News and special events coverage of a far more extensive scope than most stations could afford to originate for themselves

2. Information and lighter features of many kinds.

3. Household names like Arthur Godfrey, Walter Cronkite, Dear Abby, Frank Gifford, of whom there is only one each.

This programming provides the environment for advertisers' messages.

Network radio spans the nation.

The CBS Radio Network, for example, is made up of 247 affiliates. You'll find them listed above our name, over on the right.



Fact # 1. For what these two pages would cost you, you could be on network radio for a good chunk of time.

This ad is part of a series we've been running in the following publications:

Look magazine (in which a black & white bleed spread like this costs \$32,500), *Time* magazine (\$33,800), *Newsweek* magazine (\$33,100), *Sports Illustrated* magazine (\$31,400).

Add. Divide by four. And there's your average—\$50,200.

For under that price:

- You can have six 30-second spots a week on the CBS Radio Network for a total of eight weeks.
- Or co-sponsor Walter Cronkite or Huxley Reasoner every day, five days a week, for eight weeks.
- Or let Dear Abby tackle your problems five days a week for nine weeks.
- Or buy out the lion's share in our coverage of a continuing news event, as Datsun did for the suspense-filled eight days of Apollo 13.
- Or some other combination, for a length of time your CBS Radio Network account man will gladly specify.



Benefits.

If we hadn't promised to stick with hard facts, we'd trundle out just about here all the intangible image/brand-identification benefits that come to advertisers who run the high-frequency sustained campaign network radio is so good at.

But a promise is a promise.



Fact # 2. The reach of network radio is going to shock you. Or at least surprise you.

Network radio stations reach 71 million different people 18 and over every week.

Stop to calculate a second.

71 million people means 55 6' of all adults.

To reach those 71 million different people, of course, you'd have to be on all network radio stations all day for a week. Even we don't have the nerve to suggest that.

But you might like to know what kind of reach a modest investment like \$39,000 can buy you.

For \$39,000 you can, for example, get a 20-plan (20 one-minute spots, nicely distributed throughout the day and week) on the CBS Radio Network, plus a similar plan on another network.

That combination will have you talking to as many as 23.6 million different adults every week.

23.6 million people over 18. That's 48% more than you can get with a commercial minute on the average primetime network TV program.

Yet the cost is 19% less.

Bonus.

On network radio, you'll get to talk to those 23.6 million different people an average of 3.1 times each.

**PAGES WOULD COST YOU
RADIO FOR TWO MONTHS.**



Vest-pocket fishermen are the

latest boating rage in Southern waters—unsinkable craft with center-console steering and outboard power which can hug the bonefish flats or go offshore into tuna and morlin deeps with speed and safety. They come into being when the Bahamian Crown Colony Club asked Designer Fred Coburn to concoct just such a switch hitter. His response was the Aquasport and, as these pages reveal, other makes followed fast. Since the basic cost is a moderate \$5,000 for a hull and a big outboard, nothing thrills the skipper of a traditional sport-fisherman so little as seeing a center-console man outfish his far more expensive craft. It happens all the time.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHWEIKARDT

Kingfish are the quarry of Jud Garvin, builder of the Ro-balo, as he points a 19-foot model into the Gulf. Forward is a platform from which he casts for shallow-water fish; astern are fighting chairs. Top, Garvin runs home with outriggers still spread.





Powering Out post-Mardi Gras, Government Cut, Brian Sands, 62, steers his 20-foot SeaCraft toward a day's fishing. Sands dispenses with outriggers, instead flies a kite from the rod unspooling aft. At left, the stability of a 17-foot Mako is evident as Jim Dietz and Guide Bob Marvin prepare to release a small bonafide.





Father of the breed, Fred Coleman glides an Aquasport into Miami's Disney Key Marina. He has pushed one 230 miles across the Gulf Stream from West Palm Beach, Fla. to Hope Town, off Great Abaco, in 14 hours.

Shoppers' Facts

All the boats (except the fiber glass hulls and self-bailing cockpits). The Robalo on the first color page is 19 feet overall with 8-foot beam and 9 inch draft. Basic \$2,995 price covers two Panpanette fighting chairs, nonkid seating, teak rod racks, 60-gallon fuel tank. Extras include sunshade (\$150), outriggers (\$120), outpost (\$105). Twin 800 Mercury outboards cost \$2,806. Boulder Robalo Marine, Sanford, Fla. Overleaf, the 20-foot SeaCraft has a 7' 6" beam and draws 12 inches. Price \$2,490. Standard features 40-gallon fuel tank, icebox, live bait well, fish box. The kite rig is \$50 extra. Lewis Products, Kendall, Fla., outriggers cost \$105, the high bow rod \$140, the current Mercury 1350 outboard \$1,787. SeaCraft also builds a 27-foot model. SeaCraft Inc., Princeton, Fla. The 17-foot Mako is 7' 2" wide, draws 7 inches. Price \$1,895. Standard features 10-gallon fuel tank, two iceboxes, bait well, running and anchor lights. Options: a helmsman's chair (\$80), a custom package adding a large console, windshield and 30-gallon tank to basic boat (\$175). The Everude 85 outboard \$1,415 also available in 19- and 22-foot models. Mako Marine, Hialeah, Fla. Opposite the 22-foot Aquasport has a 7' 10" beam, eight-inch draft. Price \$2,695. Standard features 28-gallon fuel tank, teak rod racks, casting platform. Aquasport also builds 17- and 19-foot models. The Johnson 115 engine \$1,610. Aquasport, Inc., Hialeah



THERE ARE TIMES AT JACK DANIEL'S when you can't do anything but sit and wait. So that's exactly what we do.

You see, every drop of Jack Daniel's is gentled for days through ten-foot vats of finely packed charcoal. Called charcoal mellowing, this time-taking Tennessee process is the old, natural way of smoothing out whiskey...and there's nothing a man can do to speed it along. After a sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe, you'll be glad the folks in our hollow are content to do nothing when that's what's called for.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

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THE NONTRANSMOGRIFICATION OF ORVILLE MOODY

How a simple, unspooled former Army sergeant won the U.S. Open and became a simple, unspooled—but bone fide—star of the pro golf tour

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

*Good morning, men.
Good morning, sergeant.
Uh, men, I can't hear you.
GOOD MORNING, SERGEANT! GOOD
MORNING, SERGEANT!*

*That's better. At ease, Smoke 'em if
you got 'em. . . . Wipeash. Damn hot
day today, eh, men?*

IT'S A VERY HOT DAY TODAY, SER-
GEANT!

*Damn good day for golf, eh, men?
A GREAT DAY FOR GOLF, SERGEANT!
Damn right. You men will speak up in
formation. Uh, men, you say you really
love this golf tour?*

WE LOVE THE HELL OUT OF THIS
GOLF TOUR, SERGEANT!

*That's nice, men, real nice, because to-
day I am takin' over this bleeping tour. I
am goin' to win me the bleeping U.S.
bleeping Open and git mah bleep to the
top of the bleeping golf world and make me
some bleeping money and git mah bleep
out of this man's Army. Now don't that
sound like some good ole bleeping bleep
to you, men?*

*Yes, sergeant.
What did you say?
YES, SERGEANT! YES, SERGEANT!
That's better. Now, you men, listen up.
You men will watch me cross-hand it and
beat your bleeps off today in the U.S.
bleeping Open. You men understand?*

*YES, SERGEANT!
Damn right. Now. . . . Fall out!*

It is nearly a year later, a cluster of fair-
way woods and cross-hand putts past

the day that this doughy-faced guy
named Orville Moody, with hay fever
and a gap between his teeth, seemed to
walk out of his favorite barracks, but-
ton his fatigue pocket, discard his roll-
call clipboard and declare to doubting
platoons of civilian golfers that he was
about to win himself the U.S. bleeping
Open. Of course, that's not exactly how
it happened. But, considering the shock
waves that Orville Moody sent rippling
through the golf Establishment after last
June's victory at Houston, it is close
enough.

Now here they come out on the golf
tour. He, marching down the fairway
in all his Izod splendor: red hat, white
shirt and blue pants, in red socks, white
shoes and blue glove, with, in fact
(thanks to that hay fever), red and white
eyes and a blue nose. She, not to be out-
done, tramps along in the rough in red,
white and blue check dress, red harnet,
white shoes and blue sunglasses, red,
white and blue bracelets and occasionally
a custom-made red, white and blue hand-
bag in the pattern of the U.S. of A.
flag. Sure enough, it is the Moodys of
Chickasha, Okla., Killeen, Texas, the
Fort Hood NCO club and the U.S.
Army. Or, if you prefer, Sergeant Amer-
ica and his trusty sidekick, Doris.

The night before, Doris saw Bob &
Carol & Ted & Alice, but now she can't
remember the title: "Tom & Mary Al-
ice, or somethin' like that. I didn't much
like it. You know, it was one of them
sex things."

Shortly, Moody sees Paul Hahn, the
trick-shot artist, giving one of his ex-
hibitions not far away. "Honey," he says
to Doris, "go watch this guy. He really
does some neat stuff. If you lie down
he'll hit a ball out of your mouth. You'll
really like it. Hey, Paul!" Moody yells
past a couple hundred people sitting in
the stands. "This is my wife! Hit one
off her teeth!"

Later, back at the house they are rent-
ing for the week, Moody sits down to 4
o'clock supper and ponders his state.
"You reckon Arnie and Jack and them
eat these eggs and beans and pickles
and fry up this good ole baloney? I bet
they do sometimes. I bet everybody does
sometime or other when they're relaxin'.
Nothin' like fryin' up some eggs and
beans. I like mine out on the river."

Somehow it is easier to picture Or-
ville Moody dozing in a rowboat on
Cowhouse Creek outside Killeen, with
fishing pole, cold beer and fried beans
along, than as the defending champion
in golf's grandest event, which comes
around again this week in Minnesota.
Moody was the second straight obscurity
to win the Open, but whereas Lee Tre-
vino, the first, has developed his own
taste for the limelight and has become
one of the tour's most colorful person-
alities, Ole Sarge has brought less pre-
tense and more self-effacement to his
position than would have seemed hu-
manly possible.

"He is Mr. Unbelievable Nice Guy,"
says Dave Marr of Moody, "but some-
times he's so nice it seems like he's
putting you on. He is a full star, I would
say—he can play and, more important,
he knows how to play—but he doesn't
act like a star. I bet he doesn't even
think of himself as one."

continued

There is evidence that Moody's evaluation of his own ability adds up to less than it should. Though a poor to pitiful putter, he is one of the most accurate drivers in the game, and from tee to green, the experts agree, he is unmatched on the tour. In the year since he won the Open he has risen—at the least—to that second echelon of men who pick up galleries when there is no room among the Army or the Feds.

Still, Moody remains aloof from the glamour, purposely avoiding it because it is not his way. Often he seems in awe of the Palmers, Nicklaus and Caspers on the tour. Even in the aftermath of his victory in the Open he was amazed when CBS asked him to choose a partner for himself in its TV *Golf Classic*. His reluctance to impose himself—and his game—on a player he might let down reflected a lack of self-confidence that still surfaces on occasion. In the end Miller Barber finally came to Moody, and the two played so well they reached the finals and lost only on the first extra hole. Similarly, Moody agonized for weeks over his selection to the World Cup team. "I wasn't playing that well when I was chosen," he says, "and I didn't want to go over there and play bad for my country. There were a lot of other players more deserving." Luckily, Moody played well in Singapore, as he and Trevino combined to regain the cup for the United States.

It was the culmination of a year that should have reassured Moody about his "place" in the game. In addition to winning the Open and the World Cup, Moody finished in the top 10 in six regular tour events, including a seventh in the PGA Championship. He had a chance to win the British Open late in the third round (despite an advanced case of hay fever that made his head feel like a live grenade) and he had won the World Series of Golf. Altogether he won \$79,000 in official money, almost as much unofficially, and he earned almost twice that again in endorsements, appearances, exhibitions and the like. The money came close to \$300,000, a slight raise over his \$508 a month take-home from the Army.

Despite this, and the fact that he also was named Player of the Year by the PGA, Moody was unmoved. "I'm no star," he says. "Those others are in a different class. Maybe my capabilities are equal, but I never associate myself with

Palmer and Nicklaus and them. They've won a passel of tournaments. I've won one. I may never win again, but no matter how many more I win, I won't be like them. Maybe if I had come out sooner... when I was young...."

This last thought is one that haunts any man who starts life over at 34, especially one in professional sport, where careers are short anyhow. But with Moody there are other considerations.

"The big names are talking to him now, and he gets a big kick out of that," says a man close to the Moodys. "Nicklaus put his arm around him a few weeks ago and Orv ate it up. To understand his attitude, you have to know that Orv's family never had anything. He's always been just one poor, dumb, busted Indian sergeant. And he remembers."

Orville Moody was born in Chickasha, Okla., the last of 10 children, most of whom lived for a time in a three-room dwelling across the street from the Oklahoma College for Women golf course. His father was, variously, motorcycle cop, bus driver, airplane hanger guard, pool hall owner and greenkeeper who at one point in the Depression made \$35 a month. Mrs. Moody, a three-eighths Choctaw Indian, bore her children over a span of 24 years. Moody does not talk much about those days except to recall that at the age of 7 he had Saint Vitus's dance so seriously he couldn't feed himself. The doctor put little Orville on eight oranges a day and cured him. "We were poor, but I never starved," Moody says. "I kept eatin' them oranges." The remarkable Sarah Moody, now 78, still comes to three or four tournaments a year, and on those occasions walks 18 holes with her son each day and visits him on the tee, whispering things like, "You're only two off the lead, boy. Keep movin'."

"My mother," says Moody. "She watches them boards."

Back in Chickasha, Sarah's boy Orville learned the game on sand greens where, after he fired an approach shot home, he raked a path to the hole and putted out. Moody went to high school in Oklahoma City, then to college in Norman, where Bud Wilkinson gave him a football scholarship so he could play golf for the university. There he lasted about three rounds before leaving school, all for the unrequited love of a girl—

not Doris—when he was so crazy about "I couldn't taste food." In 1953 Moody enlisted in the Army.

For a year he served on the "weapons committee" at Fort Chaffee, Ark., but shortly after that he transferred to Special Services and began the travels that were to take him to battalion golf courses around the world. In 1959 in Korea Moody was made a sergeant when a general's wife, whom he had been teaching golf, suggested it. "She kept calling me Sarge," says Moody. "I said, 'Ma'am, I'm not a sergeant. I'm only E-4.' They made me a sergeant the next day."

It was during those days that Moody came to perfect his golf game—as well as card tricks, sleight-of-hand derring-do and a little number with coins that knocked everyone's eyes out. He also excelled at Ping-Pong. "I once won 203 straight games," Moody says.

This performance pales, however, in comparison with his most astounding military accomplishment: making it through 14 years without lighting a cigarette or drinking a cup of coffee. "Never could taste of it," he says. "Never could smoke or taste anything made of weeds."

Moody won the Korean Open three times and earned a trophy room full of other titles while becoming immaculately steady off the tee. "I remember him once in a service tournament hitting out of bounds on the first hole," says Mason Rudolph. "He shot 62 that day. But he could putt then."

"Hell, I could beat them all then," says Moody. "I shot 63 every other round. Trevino couldn't carry my putter back then. But I lost the touch. No competition."

Now Moody's putting is a source of wonderment to his peers on the tour. He used a regular stroke in his Army days, but shortly after experiencing the pressure of the tour he switched to the cross-hand technique, sometimes referred to as "give up."

"He's about the worst putter of all our real good players," says Johnny Pott, himself a cross-hander. "Remember his putt to win the Open? He looked like he hit it with a grease stick. He shook the thing off the blade. I told him he'll set cross-handed putting back 50 years."

Trevino says, "This man rolls it worse than anyone alive."

Even when he was rolling it good all those years Moody could not get the

backing to leave the Army and try the tour. He qualified for the Open in 1962 but missed the cut and re-upped for six. Then, finally, at Fort Hood in Killeen he started beating four local businessmen out of so much that they decided it would be cheaper to finance him on the circuit. That first year (1968) he finished 103rd on the money list, with \$12,950, but closed strong, with high finishes at Westchester and Kemper.

The following June at the Open, while most of the touring pros were getting acquainted with their four-woods for the first time on the long Champions layout, everybody found out Moody could play. Moreover, he turned the post-tournament press interview into a story in itself, with accounts of his life in the Army, comments about his name (he didn't know if it was Orville James or Orville Cleve) and his phone call from President Nixon, which included this memorable exchange:

President: It's not often that somebody comes out of the Army to win the Open.

Sergeant: No, sir, it's the first time. "The press had a lot of fun with that Orville Who? stuff," says Moody. "But they got the phone call all wrong. The President said he hoped my victory would be an inspiration to the lower and middle classes. He never said I was from the lower or middle class. One writer said, 'Talk about faceless guys in golf. Here's a man just won the Open and he doesn't even know his own name.' But I'm doing O.K. with 'Orville Who?' Every time they TV folks play my Metropolitan Life ad I make 120 bucks."

Probably more people are acquainted with Moody through his insurance commercial (it runs periodically on the Huntley-Brinkley show) than saw him win the Open. In the commercial Moody's anonymity is played against the fame of "one of America's real heroes, Arnie." The Arnie in question is Arnie Ferber, a Houston insurance man who is an old friend of Moody's from his days in Killeen. The commercial is only one of several lucrative business sidelines that have grown out of his Open victory and have contributed to changing his life, if not his life-style.

With his considerable financial advancement Moody is building a four-bedroom home outside Killeen for Doris and their three children, as well as dub-

bling in assorted other real estate, including a barbecue stand outside Fort Sill, Okla. that is already, in his words, "a gold mine." He flies, rather than drives, to most tournaments now, stays in the best hotel suites and receives the full hospitality treatment at country clubs along the tour. With it all, Orville and Doris are a silent minority in golf's social circles. Accompanied by his touring caddy and appointments man, Mike Giccatto, and his wife Flo, the Moodys on a normal day will go to the course for Orville's round, leave immediately afterward, return to the hotel, eat, go to a movie and turn in. The Sarge has few close friends on the tour, preferring the company of Giccatto, himself a 20-year military man who ran the Fort Hood course before Orville took over.

Since he became a celebrity almost simultaneously with the arrival of the military-as-ultimate-evil thesis, Moody frequently finds himself having to justify his initial enlistment and 14 years in uniform. In retrospect, however, it is easy to see how in that day—with a war ending, a military hero in the White House and the country in a state of social somnambulism—a young dropout might turn to the security of the armed forces. And how, in a cushy golf course operator's job, he might stay there. Indeed, Moody's existence still has much of the flavor of the Army about it. His wife was an Army brat, his caddy is a retired Army sergeant, a couple of his backers are former sergeants. Even his TV foil, Arnie Ferber, is from his Army days and, of course, at every tournament there are always retired officers and non-coms whom Orville once knew somewhere ("Was it Yang San, buddy? Heil-bromm? Fort Carson? Camp Zama?") who have come out to see one of their own hustle the pros.

"He sure brings some salty-looking guys out here," says one well-known golfer. "They're all old military honchos who pack the gallery and whoop it up with a six-pack and some stompin'." Perhaps Moody's biggest fan is retired Army Major Fred Goodenough, a grizzled bear of a man who is called the Gray Ghost of Killeen because, as any Fort Hood man will tell you, Ghost lives on Gray Street in a gray house next to a funeral parlor. "Moody's the best bleeping Army man who ever played this bleeping game," says Ghost.

By background and belief, profession-

al golfers have been nurtured politically to the right of Louis XIV, but Moody—having made his giant stride from one insular world to another and combined the essential characteristics of both—brings an extra dimension to the scene. He is, for instance, critical of the present-day Army for coddling "pusseyfootin' young punks" who "git 12 push-ups and run to mommy and their Senator so's a congressional investigation can begin. Why, in my day," says Moody, "I used to walk five miles to school. Now kids get in a car and drive three blocks. Progress is what's ruined this generation."

He is also violently opposed to student demonstrations. "Tell you one thing," he says. "Kent State and the rest, I'm gettin' sick of it. Next time they try somethin', might save more lives in the long run if we get out the machine guns and shoot 'bout 50 of them fools. That'll stop 'em hollerin'. I wish the President would make an amendment to the Constitution to say, all right, you can demonstrate, but we're gonna shoot you if you do. That'd stop them pusseyfooters."

What if the demonstrators tried to shoot back?

"Well, dammit," says Ole Sarge, "they wouldn't wite."

In those periods when he is not talking golf, Moody usually is not this loquacious. It is only at mealtime, when he is sitting and eating, that he opens up. Which, again, is a habit that doubtless was ripened in the Army, where a man keeps his mouth shut everywhere but the mess hall.

During a pause at a meal the other day Moody thought about the old days. "Ben's a tour celebrity is all very nice," he said, "but I don't like people callin' me all the time and me always goin' here and there and where I don't want to and me been' pressured to do things I don't like to do. We had more fun in the Army. You don't realize the security there. I always had a place to sleep, a place to eat and I always got paid."

"The money is too good now to go back," he said. "But I was happier then. I know that. I was E-6, though, and I couldn't be that. I'd have to start all over again. Wouldn't that really be somethin'? It isn't often that an E-6 who won the U.S. Open reenlists as a private."

Any President could have told Orville Moody that no, sir, it would be the first time.

END

The husband-and-wife comedy team of **Mimi Hines** and **Phil Ford** (formerly of *Funny Girl*) travels in a minibus. Phil, a golfer, likes it because he can park at a golf course and tee off in the morning without waking Mimi, who likes it for the same reason. The other morning, while they were parked at a suburban Chicago golf course, a ball smashed through a window while Mimi was sleeping, bounced all over the minibus and landed in the kitchen area, scattering glass over the bed and upsetting a bowl of Jell-O Mimi had prepared the night before. Phil had already teed off. Mimi was.

Among the 139 intrepid heroes who gathered in London for a reunion of holders of the Victoria Cross and the George Cross (Britain's highest awards for bravery) was **Edwardo Omara**, 70, a hunter from Northern Uganda. Back in 1934 Omara became known in limited African circles as a brave man when a fire-crased elephant tore into a village and he killed it with a spear. His reputation was extended a short time later when a wounded elephant pinned a game warden to the ground.



Never having learned to use a gun, Omara clubbed the elephant with the warden's rifle until it released its victim and then killed it with his spear. That made him one of the 103 people in the world who held the George Cross. Still unable to speak English (or to use firearms), Omara was presented to the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, honored at dinners and receptions and at the Queen's Birthday Parade.

★ **Joe Namath** is in Rome making a film, *The Last Rebel*. This is his first trip to Europe and, not speaking Italian, he has found his usual style somewhat cramped. "You can't talk to the girls," he says mournfully—which is how he and a friend happened to spend an evening riding around Rome on motor scooters. "We ended up down by the river, and there was this old guy standing there fishing, just fishing," he reported. "We couldn't understand what he said, but he gave us some bait and we stayed there fishing, too, while it got light." It is not reported that Joe caught anything, but at least the fishing didn't hurt. His role in the movie requires him to do an awful lot of riding, and for the first few days he suffered considerable pain somewhat north, for a change, of his knees.

★ **It is Dr. Palmer**, now that Anne has received an honorary law degree from his alma mater, Wake Forest University in North Carolina. The citation said, among other splendid things, "He has 70 championship titles and, in addition to the unflinching support of old friends, the unmatched loyalty of millions of admirers. Arnold Palmer is also a successful businessman, and since last October



Chairman of the Wake Forest University Board of Visitors. To all his activities he brings the daring, the sincerity, the unalloyed decency that have made him the greatest athlete of his generation," Palmer said. "It was a thrill and a completely new and different experience." He might have added that it was also one he had no reason to expect. Palmer never did graduate from Wake Forest. Not only that, he went there on a football scholarship and, as he recalled last week, the Wake Forest football coach, Peahead Walker, once told him sternly, "If you'd just played football instead of wasting your time hitting a golf ball, you'd have been the greatest running back in history."

Wes Parker, who is variously described as handsome, tall, trim, wealthy, single, intelligent, a debonair dresser, an expert bridge player and the finest Dodger first baseman since Gil Hodges left, has taken on a new career—he is a radio commentator from 8 to midnight on station KFI in Los Angeles, the Dodgers' schedule permitting. His contract calls for him to be

on the air on Monday nights when possible, but he often appears during the week as well. "If the Dodgers win," says Dave Hull, who conducts the show, "he'll stop in." Parker just talks "a little bit about baseball," he says, "but mostly about music, bridge and items of interest out of the news. I don't think I'd ever want to do play-by-play sports." But lately there has been a decline in the cultural level of his program. "A few nights ago we asked people to send in straight pins to stick in a Cincinnati doll," says Hull. "It looked like the only way we could catch Cincinnati. We've got about a thousand now, but we'll soon have 50,000."

Also progressing is **Sir Laurence Olivier**, who has moved up Queen Elizabeth's honors' list from knight to baron, thus becoming the first English actor to receive a life peerage. And what is the baron's latest theatrical undertaking? The role of Nathan Detroit in Frank Loewer's *Gays and Dolls*. "I have never snatched so quickly at a role in my life," says Lord Olivier of his decision to play that beleaguered promoter of "the oldest, established, permanent, flouting crap game in New York"—which will remain a crap game in the London National Theatre version because, as a spokesman for the theatre observes, "there is no English equivalent." "This is no joke," Lord Olivier has said firmly. "We are taking it very seriously [and] we shall be doing the Broadway accent absolutely faithfully." The company does not even plan to alter the lines of the horseplayers' song, the ones that say: "I got the horse right here, the name is Paul Revere." Nobody, it turns out, knows who Paul Revere was.



**It's extra-wide,
glass-belted. And Calibrated.
A precision instrument on wheels.**

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Reynolds reclamation plan for aluminum cans and other aluminum scrap.

In Los Angeles alone, Reynolds test program got people to redeem over 1,000,000 aluminum cans per month. Now we're working on sixteen more states.

Answers to the hard problems—such as litter and solid waste disposal—don't come easy. But, with effort and persistence, they do come.

Reynolds has working proof of this with its anti-litter, aluminum can recycling program. Starting in Miami over three years ago, we've developed approaches that are now about to be put to work in 16 states.

They'll be pulling used aluminum cans and other discarded aluminum products off the scrap



heap and back to our reclamation plants. They'll be helping to clean up our streets and conserve our nation's resources at the same time.

Los Angeles gets involved.

We know these programs work. One plan, with a Reynolds promotion drive behind it, has Los Angeles citizens bringing more than a million cans a month into

our plant there. It has not only made Los Angeles people more aware of their litter problem, it has *involved* them, stimulated them into doing something about it.

Now we're expanding our Miami effort to cover all of Florida. We'll be launching our campaign in New York City, and will move into northern New Jersey, Houston, San Francisco, and the Pacific Northwest.

In addition, we are working with Adolph Coors Brewing Company of Colorado to help reclaim their used aluminum beer cans. We'll be taking their cans from Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, and California.



Individuals and organizations bring old aluminum cans to the Reynolds reclamation center.



Used cans pass through a magnetic separator and are then shredded.



After shipment to reclamation plants, the shredded aluminum is melted and cast into secondary ingots.



Ingots then move into other Reynolds plants to be formed into sheet, plate or other end products.



The recycled aluminum re-enters the economy in a variety of attractive, durable new products.

Used aluminum is valuable.

What makes the program work is the basic value of aluminum itself. Scrap aluminum is worth \$200 a ton, because it can be melted down and reused so readily. Scrap steel, by comparison, brings only \$20 a ton; paper, \$16 a ton.

So used aluminum cans are worth picking up, worth saving and taking to a reclamation plant. Reynolds is able to offer 1/2¢ per can, and to suggest that Boy Scouts, hospital charity groups, and other organizations—and individuals—raise funds by collecting and returning aluminum scrap.

They're taking our suggestions. One million cans that don't show

up in Los Angeles garbage heaps every month prove that.

Letters for anti-litter.

Our anti-litter efforts have brought us much applause from Boy Scout officials, Congressmen, Keep America Clean groups, civic leaders, and many others. But our chief satisfaction is in being able to help with this most difficult and important problem. We intend to keep at it, and to work even harder. Reynolds Metals Company, P.O. Box 2346-LD, Richmond, Virginia, 23218.



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Baker Beam and Booker are out on Beam's own fresh-water lake, collecting a water sample. Together, they represent the sixth generation of the only Kentucky family that's been making the same fine Bourbon ever since 1795. That's a long time for one family to make one product, according to one formula.

From the limestone spring that feeds this lake comes crystal pure

water, perfect for making fine Bourbon. Sweet, soft, and iron-free, it's as much a part of the Beam formula as the precise measures of choice grains. And it's also one of the main reasons the Beams have continued to make their Bourbon right here in this part of Kentucky ever since Jacob Beam sold his first barrel, back in 1795.

Since then, six generations of Beams have followed in Jacob's

footsteps, making Bourbon the way he did, according to a formula that's been a Beam family secret, practiced as a family art.

So when you take a sip of Jim Beam, savor it for a moment. Notice its quality and its light taste. That's what we mean when we say it's a 175-year-old family art.



Pure limestone water. Part of the Beam family art for 175 Summers.

66 Proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. Distilled and Bottled by the James B. Beam Distilling Co., Cincinnati, Beam, Kentucky.

For a while there, the forces of repression in baseball were perking right along. For instance, Commissioner Bowie Kuhn had called Author-Reliever Jim Bouton on the carpet for writing a book that made ballplayers seem unheroic and told him he damn't do that again. The ballplayers Bouton had made to seem unheroic—and even those who felt that in the future Bouton might make them seem unheroic—tended to agree with Kuhn. But since Jim Brosnan, Bouton's predecessor in the authoring-relieving game, had just testified in the reserve-clause hearings that he had been muffled similarly in his active playing days, Kuhn's action reflected a certain Avery Brundage-like resolve.

Last week, however, the trend shifted to liberation. Steve Hovley up and refused to pay a fine, and Charlie Metro got fired, Hovley, a promising, .281-hitting young outfielder then of the Milwaukee Brewers, was assessed his fine for being 20 minutes late to the ball park. He had been late, he explained, because his alarm clock had failed to go off. Hovley said he wouldn't pay. "I don't believe in fines anyway," he said, "but especially not in the case of something unintentional." So he was traded to Oakland—the big leagues at last.

Meanwhile, over in Kansas City, authoritarian Charlie Metro got the hook because he made his players unhappy. Metro's managerial virtues were many: intense devotion to the game, special dedication to what are known as "the basic fundamentals," great energy, long years of experience and widely acknowledged knowledgeability. He also proved to be the most fertile innovator to come along in years, introducing mass peggame calisthenics for general loosening, a baiting cage in the bullpen for punch hitters to warm up in, true-and-false tests for checking out his players' thinking and—to prevent any kind of satisfaction after a loss—a ban on the traditional postgame cold cuts and pretzels.

Metro worked hard as a boy in the Pennsylvania mines and believes that hard work is the key to success. Perhaps Metro was strict and stern along the lines of John J. McGraw—who was a Hall of Fame manager—but whether because today's ballplayers will not suffer the kind of stuff the ballplayers of the '20s put up with or because today's Kansas City Royals do not have the kind of stuff to put out that the New

Tale of the derailed Metro

York Giants of the '20s did, the promising Royals began to lose heavily and to complain about conditions.

Pro football players see nothing wrong in doing side-straddle hops in unison before a game, but the Royals said they liked to loosen up individually, the way the Lord meant baseball players to. Metro's players also claimed he demanded perfection and was stingy with praise. "Every pitcher hangs a slider every now and then," said Dick Drago after the firing, "but to Metro it was inexcusable. 'Unacceptable' was his word for it." Metro, say his players, tended to jerk people out of a game for making a mistake—and sometimes it was the wrong player. For instance, during spring training a ball fell between Jackie Hernandez, Amos Otis and Lou Piniella in left center. Otis had called for the ball, but Metro pulled Piniella because he was down on Piniella at the time.

Metro was also criticized for the way in which veteran Second Baseman Jerry Adair was released in early May. Adair had missed much of spring training and part of the early season because of his 6-year-old daughter's illness and then death of cancer. Metro chose to inform Adair of his release, after he had gone to bat only 27 times, in the Kansas City airport, where the team had assembled to fly to Baltimore. Adair's wife had put him out at the airport and gone home. "I asked him," Adair told a reporter, "why he waited until now to tell me, and he said, 'Because I wanted to tell you man to man.' I said, 'You call this man to man, I don't. In fact I don't think you're a man.'"

But the gravest charge against Metro was down in black and white in the standings. The Royals had been expected to do more than edge out Milwaukee. So Metro was fired last week, and low-keyed Bob Lemon became the Royals' third manager in one-and-a-third years.

"I hate to see a man lose his job," said Bob Oliver. "If Metro gave us exercises I did them. Baseball is a good job. It beats getting up early every morn-

ing and carrying a lunch pail." But Drago, after beating Washington in his first start under Lemon, said, "It was super to be out there and not have to worry about what I was doing wrong. Lemon loosens you up and encourages you." Pat Kelly made a great running catch against the Yankees, and when a teammate asked him if he could have made such a play under Metro, he said, "Don't think so." Lemon junked the calisthenics and restored the postgame delicatessen. "Everything's straight now," cried Kelly. "We've got our pretzels back. We're gonna go!"

THE WEEK

NL EAST Paul Popovich hit .389 for CHICAGO in Don Kessinger's military-duty absence, then Kessinger, on a weekend pass, returned just in time to hit a game-winning double. **NW YORK'S** Tug McGraw claimed he was going to badly that his reserve unit was trying to warn him, but the Mets got four home runs in three games from Tommie Agee and strong enough pitching to regain second place. **PITTSBURGH'S** Duck Ellis pitched the year's first no-hitter, against San Diego, while walking eight. Ellis, who last year refused to talk to reporters, confided to them after his gem, "In the fourth inning I told Dave Cash in the dugout, 'I've got a no-no going.'" Every inning thereafter Cash reminded him, "Remember, you're still no-no." Ellis said the pressure of the no-hitter was nothing compared to that of the Watts riot in 1965. His light-skinned mother, Ellis said, might not be alive today if his neighborhood nickname, Peanut, had not been decided on his car. "They thought she was white, and they were going to kill her," Ellis said. "She got in my car, and then they knew she was Peanut" mother. The tanks were parked right outside our house. That was pressure." Bob Gibson of St. Louis pulled his record up to 7-3 with his fifth straight win. **PHILADELPHIA'S** 38-year-old Jim Bunning won two games. "I wasn't buzzing the ball past anyone," admitted Bunning. "but

continued



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BASEBALL continued

I was getting good location." "He was getting super location," said Catcher Doc Edwards, the activated coach who continued to star—although he did allow two Braves to score when Bob Tillman ran over him at the plate. "It was simply a case of too much man for the grip I had on the ball," explained Edwards. Montreal remained last but popular. Two thousand fans greeted the Expos at the airport, and an average of nearly 20,000 attended the week's games.

CHI 32-33 NY 30-39 PIT 30-31
ST. L 28-30 PHIL 28-33 MONT 22-36

NL WEST CINCINNATI's Jim Merritt, after fishing in his bid for a 12th victory, complained that he couldn't get warmed up properly because the visitors' bullpen mound at Montreal was flat while the one used by Montreal pitchers was regular size. It sounds like Expos Manager Gene Mauch is a handicapper. RICO CARTY of ATLANTA spent three days below .400, causing a researcher to discover that June was death to .400 hitters. In the past 15 years only six men—Mickey Vernon in 1956, Ted Williams in 1957, Stan Musial and Willie Mays in 1958, Hank Aaron in 1959 and Billy Williams in 1964—have made a real run on .400. The six went into June hitting over that mark and came out of it, on the average, hitting 51 points lower. In fact, when Williams hit .406 in 1964 he had to hit .626 and .634 in July and August to overcome a .368 June. Bill Singer, out with hepatitis since April 23, started at last for LOS ANGELES Sunday, but gave up four runs in two innings. The Pirates had new words for the substance on the ball they accuse SAN FRANCISCO's Gaylord Perry of throwing. "It's a fast-drying surgical lubricant," said Pittsburgh First Base Coach Don Leppert. "It's colorless and odorless, that's what makes it tough to catch him." HOUSTON was fighting to stay out of the cellar, and Manager Harry Walker was fighting to stay in his job. SAN DIEGO fans found something to cheer about. They gave Pittsburgh's Bill Mazeroski an ovation for making a diving catch of a Pader line drive, to save the Ellis no-hitter.

CIN 44-17 L 35-37 STL 30-38
SF 30-32 HOUS 27-36 SD 30-37

AL EAST Lukewarm BALTIMORE's Merv Rettenmund was hitting lustily in his role as replacement for bearded Paul Blair, but the most welcome Oracle blow of the week was a less-than-ringing grounder that ticked off the California pitcher's glove, then the second baseman's, then was smothered by the shortstop. Said Mark Belanger, the stroker of this single, "I'll take the hit." It broke his 6-for-33 slump. Explaining why the defensively masterful Belanger was hitting .172 this year as opposed to .287 in '69, Manager Earl Weaver said, "Mark, as a regular, got his feet

continued

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BASEBALL continued

on the ground in 1968. In 1969 he adjusted to the pitchers. In 1970 the pitchers have adjusted to him. Mark has to adjust to the pitchers' adjustment. "While Denny McLain declared bankruptcy, Willie Horton was keeping Detroit more nearly solvent with performances such as a three-homer, seven-RBI night. Third base continued to be a problem in Boston. In desperation Manager Eddie Kasko tried Coach George Thomas there Saturday, and he helped beat the Twins with three hits. "Are the All-Star ballots in yet?" asked Thomas. **WASHINGTON'S** Amelio Rodriguez hit his eighth homer since being traded to Ted Williams. Rodriguez had hit eight altogether in two previous seasons in the majors. Dick Bosman was brought in to get one man out and gave up a grand-slam homer to Rich Reese of the Twins. "The poor s.o.b. was out emptying garbage cans at 6 this morning for the Army," said Williams. Duke Sims, whom **CLEVELAND** had just promoted to the clean-up spot, suffered a pulled calf muscle and a partially torn Achilles' tendon while jogging off the field.

**BALT 20-21 NY 20-24 DET 20-21
BOST 27-28 WASH 28-30 CLEV 24-32**

AL WEST **MINNESOTA** went 2-1 for the Twins' worst week of the season, although Ron Perrano earned his league-leading 14th save. **CALIFORNIA** improved its television record this year to 8-0 by beating Detroit Friday night on video. Jim Fregosi hit his third and fourth televised homers of the season and said, "I'm sorry I didn't ask for residual rights." Reliever Ken Tatum was ineffective earlier in the week against Baltimore when he appeared to be taking pains not to throw his normal fastball, which tails up and in. The last time he had faced the Orioles the fastball had tailed up and into Paul Blair's face. **OAKLAND** acquired a fifth frontline outfielder in Steve Hovley, and maybe that was what Reggie Jackson needed. He drove in an 11th-inning run against Baltimore with a double Friday night and got three hits, one a homer, Saturday. **CHICAGO** got a shutout from Tommy John and, in general, looked a little better. **KANSAS CITY** through Sunday had given up 121 runs on homers and scored only 67 that way. "I can't believe they would put a livelier ball in play without telling the general managers," said Royal General Manager Cedric Tallis. Maybe they only told certain general managers. The **MILWAUKEE** Brewers, just two defeats away from the league record for consecutive road losses, ran into Cleveland. The Indians yielded to the Brewers 4-1, costing Milwaukee Manager Dave Bristol to observe, "Teams that die by the sword can also live by it."

**MINN 30-16 DET 28-24 OAK 33-27
CHI 22-30 KC 20-27 MIL 18-41**

You may have to stay home this summer but at least your ears can get away.

If you're going to spend a lot of the summer just lying in the sun, we've got something that could make it more interesting for you.

It's a 6-band portable shortwave radio.

And it's as easy to use as any radio. But along with FM and AM, it also pulls in shortwave broadcasts. From everywhere in the world.

That means you can sit in your backyard and listen to the BBC.

You can hear what the countries in the Middle East are saying about each other.

You can listen to propaganda on Radio Moscow. Or you can get the Voice of America and find out what we're telling the world.

And when you're tired of programs, you can listen to things like ham operators' and ship-to-shore calls.

So if you're not looking forward to the Top Ten and traffic reports all summer long, go look at the Sony TFM-1600W.

It costs \$99.95*. It works on AC current or batteries. And it's light enough to take anywhere.

Which can be very handy.

Because when you do go away, you can use it to keep track of what's going on back home.

Sony's worldwide, shortwave radio.





Last week Chi Cheng broke world records in the 100 and 220. Next for the tall Taiwanese: the 440

Fortune smiles on this cookie

Before every race Chi Cheng (pronounced Chee Chun) talks to herself. In red shorts (a lucky color in China) and a white shirt inscribed with Chinese characters that spell the name of her home town, Hsin-chu, she paces up and down, staring fiercely without seeing anyone, snapping her fingers. "Are you ready?" she asks. "Yes, I'm ready," she replies. "You are no good," she says. "Yes, I'm good," she counters. "Ah, then go and suffer," she says.

In the stands her coach, Vince Reel,

is watching. "Here we go," he says. "She's mad now." Chi has to be angry to win and, since she cannot bear to lose, working herself up into a rage comes easy. For the past two years she has got angry with such regularity that she has lost only two of 121 races and has become the fastest, most versatile woman in track and field. She holds 11 Asian, six American and four world records.

When Chi came from Taiwan to live in Los Angeles seven years ago she was primarily a hurdler and long jumper. Last Saturday she showed that she was, preeminently, a sprinter. Running for the Los Angeles Track Club at the Portland (Ore.) Rose Festival meet, she set world records in the 100-yard dash (10 flat) and in the 220 (22.7). The previous mark in the 100, shared by Chi, Olympic champion Wyomia Tyus and Marlene Mathews of Australia, was 10.3; the former record in the 220 was 22.9, by Margaret Burvill of Australia. Chi's extraordinary feats at Portland compare not unfavorably with Bob Beamon's astounding long jump at Mexico City, particularly since she performed them on a clay and cinder track. But at first Chi wasn't excited. "I didn't feel like I did it," she said. "I felt like someone else ran, not me. But when I came home and heard it on the radio, I said, 'I think I really did it.'"

Chi also won the 100-meter hurdles at the Rose Festival, clocking a personal best of 13.2 after an atrocious start (the world record is 12.9). Each weekend she customarily competes in three or four events, and time and again she has beaten the top U.S. women at their specialties—Mamie Rallins in the hurdles, Willye White in the long jump, Pat Winslow Bank in the pentathlon, Barbara Ferrell in the sprints and, lately, Kathy Hammond in the quarter.

Chi doesn't believe in psyching an opponent; she considers it immoral. When others try to psych her, she only gets angrier. Last year, at the AAU outdoor nationals, Willye White, meaning to do Mamie Rallins a favor, asked Chi before the 100-meter hurdles. "Why do you want to run? You might pull a muscle." Infuriated, Chi beat Mamie by three yards.

Again last winter, at the indoor nationals, she got even with Barbara Ferrell. Earlier, at the *Los Angeles Times* meet, Barbara had beaten Chi in a disputed finish and had gone on record as

saying that Chi could only beat her when she was sick. "I was so mad," says Chi. "I traveled all the way to New York to beat her, and I hadn't even planned to compete there." Indeed, she was so fired up she not only beat Barbara in the 60-yard dash, she also won the long jump, with a personal best of 21' 3/4", and the 50-yard hurdles. "Chi looks like a delicate flower," says Vince Reel, "but she's as hard as a fortune cookie."

Chi likes to pour it on right from the start, but should she get off slowly she resumes her pep talk in mid-race. In a meet at Berkeley last month she started poorly in a 100-meter-hurdle race in which Mamie Rallins was also entered. "I was kind of dreaming," Chi recalls. "After 50 meters, I wasn't much ahead of Mamie, and I say to myself, 'Oh boy, you can't let her stay that close to you. You got to go,' and oh, I can really feel that I'm going and I feel so good. Coach calls it turning on the motor."

"At 20," says Reel, "she's still like a 10-year-old kid who comes to the track for the first time. She still has that exuberance that with others wears off over the years. She loves to train and to race, and she does everything a coach tells her to do."

But it takes some telling to get her to run the quarter mile. She and Reel have invented a game which they play each time he enters her in the 440. It is called: Making Chi Mad for the 440. They first played the game one day a few months ago, when Chi was training at Cal Poly in Pomona, Calif., as she does for two hours every afternoon. She ran through her 80- and 150-yard shakups. She practiced her hurdle technique, hitting each hurdle with the back of her right leg to force a quicker landing. She did her calisthenics and 60 push-ups. Not women's push-ups, men's push-ups. "When I can do 60," says Chi, "I know I'm in shape."

"I've been thinking," said Reel, "you could run the quarter." "Oh, no," cried Chi, "that is too far. I would have to change training." "We don't have to change it," said Reel. "The 440 is good for the 220." The next weekend, Chi ran the 440 against Kathy Hammond and won. "I was so mad at Coach," she says.

Before the California Relays, and again before the Compton Invitational last month, Chi and Reel went through their routine. "Please, Coach, don't

continued

If you just want to look good, don't light it.



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make me run," she begged. "I don't know," he said. "You promised that I would never have to run it again," she said. "Just one more time," he said. "You want to see me suffer," she cried. "You have no heart. You are mean." And then, of course, she was angry and went out "to show him."

In the 440 at Compton, Chi slowed at the end but still finished, on the soft, worn-out L.A. Coliseum track, in 52.6, .2 above the world record and .7 under Charlotte Cooke's American record.

"Why did you slow down?" a friend asked her. "I didn't slow down," she said. "I gave it all I had. I always run all out." Then she looked at the beaming Reel. "I would have been disappointed if he hadn't made me run," she said. "I always want to run for him, because he gives me so much more than I give him." If Chi sounded like Jane Eyre trying to please Mr. Rochester, it was no coincidence. Charlotte Brontë's novel is her favorite book in English.

Chi Cheng is thoroughly Chinese. When asked whether she will become an American citizen, she replies, "My skin is Chinese. My eyes are Chinese. If I became an American I would feel funny. I am just an ordinary Chinese." "Ordinary?" says Henry Reid, a phys ed student at Cal Poly. "She's abnormal." When his physiology class was assigned to conduct a test on an athlete, he chose his schoolmate, Chi. "Everything turned up abnormal," says Reid. "She can focus on objects only three inches away, while normally the focal length of vision is 10 inches. This makes her one in 500,000. Most people have one dominant eye, but she can see equally well with the left and the right. Only one in a million has both these traits. She reacted to sound and touch stimuli in .1 second (.2 is normal), and we were having a conversation with her at the same time."

But who wants to be special? Not Chi, although she admits to a belief in lucky numbers (1 and 7) and a fear of evil spirits that hide out in closets. When she was a teen-ager running to the well with two water buckets dangling from a yoke, she could hear the spirits crying in the tall bamboo. "Eek, eek," they called.

Chi grew up on the outskirts of Hsinchu, a city of 564,000 near Taipei. She was the third of seven children ("The least important one," she says. "The oldest and the youngest are the ones who

get spoiled.") She is Taiwanese-Chinese, her ancestors being among the Chinese settlers who came to the island in the 17th century. In 1944, when Chi was born, Taiwan was occupied by the Japanese, and she was given a Japanese name, Homiko, as was required. When the Japanese left, her father had her first name changed to Cheng (in China the family name precedes the given name).

Chi started running when she entered high school, and before every track meet (there were three a year) her mother, a devout Buddhist, would take her to the temple. "Guide my daughter to victory," she would pray, "and we will return to worship you again and contribute a neon light." Neon tubes are a popular offering in Taiwan. Chi enjoyed going to the temple for quite a different reason. She liked to dig into the fortunes that were bunched in a container, as they are in every Chinese temple. And like all Chinese, Chi would keep picking out fortunes until she found one she liked. Even today she considers it a lucky omen if, when turning on the car radio on the way to a track meet, she hears a favorite song. However, if she doesn't hear one right away she switches stations until she does.

Chi is unusually tall for a Chinese (she is 5' 7½"). "When I go back to visit," she says, "everybody follows me around. People recognize me because I'm so tall, and I'm embarrassed to bargain in the shops." For this reason she never had any boy friends. "The boys in my class were all much shorter than I," she says, "and a little afraid of me." So Chi came to look up to older men.

The first was her father, Chi Ching-chu, a grocer. When Chi and her brothers and sisters came home from school with marks that were less than perfect, he would strike their hands with a ruler. "But he is also a kind man," she says. "He always said that when we cried he cried inside." Chi is still eager to please him. At Cal Poly, where she is a phys ed major, she gets A's.

The second father figure in her life is Vince Reel, the 56-year-old track coach at nearby Claremont-Mudd College. Reel first saw Chi 10 years ago at the Rome Olympics (he coached the Indian team on assignment from the State Department), where she was last in her hurdle heat. In 1962 Reel was sent to Taiwan to prepare its national team for the Asian Games. It was then that Reel

and Chi got acquainted. Like all of her teammates, she strove to please the American coach. "She was just running away from everybody," says Reel. "She could win anything without training. We agreed that she should come to the U.S. to train for the Tokyo Olympics, and her government granted permission and gave her money for her education. She came to Los Angeles and found out that she couldn't win everything. She had to work."

When Chi arrived in February 1963, she couldn't speak English, either. "I had English in high school," she says, "but all I could remember was 'twinkle, twinkle, little star' and 'what is the matter with you, you foolish lamb?' That didn't get me very far." She enrolled at a language school and in no time at all was able to say, "Where are the chickens and the cows?"

Although she trained sedulously for the 1964 Olympics, she failed to qualify for the semifinals in the hurdles and was 17th in the pentathlon. But in the pentathlon hurdles she was able to keep abreast of Russia's renowned Galina Bystrava for six hurdles, Galina pulling away to win in 10.7. "I knew then," says Chi, "that one day I must run 10.7, too." She has since run the 80-meter hurdles in 10.4, and holds indoor world records in the 50-meter (6.9) and 50-yard hurdles (6.5).

Despite several setbacks on account of injuries, Chi improved steadily. Early in 1967, however, she had a knee operation, and in the summer of 1968 pulled muscles in both legs. Nonetheless, in Mexico City she got to the finals in the 100-meter dash, placing seventh, and won a bronze medal in the hurdles. She keeps it hidden in a closet with her other trophies, possibly as an offering to the spirits.

Someday Chi would like to return to Taiwan, be married in a Chinese ceremony and become a good cook, but until then she is happy to ignore her other aptitudes for the sake of track. "When I was young," she says, "I used to think I had all talents. I thought I could sing, paint, write compositions and be good at athletics, because that's what I was told. When I got older I realized you don't deserve a talent unless you work at it. That is what I decided to do in athletics. Coach says, 'You have to tell yourself, I'm the greatest.' Of course, I don't say it out loud."

END



EXHAUSTION AND JUBILATION ARE MINGLED AS THE WASHINGTON OARSMEN REACT TO THEIR SURPRISING IRA VICTORY

Not much hair in the boat but plenty of ergo

Penn's varsity eight was heavily favored to win the collegiate championship on Onondaga Lake, but up swept the resolute Huskies of Washington, point-scorers at the barbershop and on the muscle machine

Sitting on his sliding seat in the moments before the start of the Inter-collegiate Rowing Association championships, Washington's captain and No. 3 oar, Brad Thomas, felt cool. "The three years I've been here previously," he said later, the sweat of victory on his face. "I've been real nervous. I've sat there at the start and felt really bad. This year, no nerves."

In a little more than six minutes of rowing last Saturday on Onondaga Lake at Syracuse, N.Y., Thomas and his mates in the Husky varsity eight pulled off the biggest upset of the season. Not only did they defeat Wisconsin, Dartmouth, Cornell and Brown, they flogged heavily favored Pennsylvania, which spent its energy in a vain attempt to hold off the Westerners and fell all the way back to fifth. Thus did Washington win the country's most prestigious race for the first time since 1950.

Nobody around the tree-shaded Ten Eyck boathouse except the Huskies themselves had seriously believed the

West Coast crew could take Penn. Washington's year had been a season within a season, the second one beginning after a shattering experience at the Western Sprints. The Huskies had entered as favorites—but lost to UCLA. "After the Sprints," said coxswain Jim Edwards, "we went home and changed several things."

For one thing, they shuffled the boating around. Cliff Hurn, a 6'4" IRA veteran, was switched to stroke from his No. 3 seat, while two new men were seated at 4 and 2. Next, Washington upped its rowing rate. "At the Sprints we rowed at about 34," Edwards said. "After that we turned around and ran two strokes higher." Coach Dick Erickson did what coaches seem to love to do: he made an already exacting training regime even tougher. The rigging and Pocock shells remained unchanged.

From Australia the Huskies imported a device called an ergometer with which to simulate the act of rowing on dry land and measure changes—improve-

ments, hopefully—in the efficiency of individual oarsmen. While the school did not reveal its findings, it is safe to assume ergo was on the upswing in the Washington boat.

The crew's times on home waters began to drop. "On successive days," said Edwards, "we broke the home-course record. Our best time of 6:07 [for 2,000 meters] was four seconds better. After that, we knew we could do the IRA."

Actually, the one school given an outside chance to take Penn was Dartmouth, not Washington, and when the luck of the draw matched Penn and Dartmouth in Thursday's preliminaries it seemed likely that this might be the race of the week. Dartmouth Coach Peter Gardner said, "If we beat them it might force [Penn Coach] Ted Nash into changing his boat. It would also force Penn to race in the repechages on Friday while we rest." Came the test, however, and low-stroking Dartmouth failed to respond correctly to Penn's final sprint, losing out by a narrow margin.

But Dartmouth had severely extended the Quakers. One gauge of the pressure was the discomfiture of a seasoned Penn oarsman bearing the grand name Gardner Cadwalader. Trough as an oak stump and noted for never showing signs of strain, Cadwalader threw up upon reaching the boathouse. By pressing Penn's rowers so hard, it developed, Dartmouth had softened them up for the finals, which Dartmouth also reached by beating Princeton in Friday's repechages.

Penn's eight had lost only one regatta all season—to Harvard in the Eastern Sprints. On that day Penn had rowed an admittedly poor race, with two oarsmen actually catching crabs. As a result, Nash, a taskmaster, imposed heavier tasks. "From the Sprints on we started doing two practices a day instead of one," explained a Penn oarsman. "You better believe Nash worked our behinds off." They trained and trained and trained, until some observers, including Dartmouth's freshman coach, John Danford, came to believe that Nash had gone too far. "They finally overtrained," he said. "Also, they rowed much too high."

Indeed, it seems clear that Penn's strong suit—a short, sharp, staccato style with numerous sprints thrown in—may have become a weakness. As Peter Gardner put it, "Penn depends on sprints to get out in front, but if another crew starts to crowd them, they get ruffled. We counted on doing that ourselves."

Saturday arrived clear and cool, with a breeze on the shells' bows that forced portside oarsmen to give an occasional touch or two with their sweeps to keep their boats lined up true as the starting float. Along Onondaga's low, tree-fringed banks some 12,000 people, dressed in 12,000 styles and 12,000 colors, drank beer or strolled the macadam road bordering the course. Out in the Washington boat cool Brad Thomas awaited the "ready," "ready all" and "row" commands from the starter. To starboard in lane three lay Dartmouth, to port in lane five Brown. Tucked ashore by the draw was Penn.

At the command "row" 48 oars flapped, clattered and slapped into Onondaga's drab, polluted waters. Spray arched high, raining down on all six crews, which soon began to feel the first shafts of agony.

As expected, Penn roared off at a high rate to take an early lead. This time it

was not a commanding lead. Dartmouth, stroking a typically deliberate pace, fell into second place, with Washington not far behind. At the 500-meter mark of the 2,000-meter course Penn had opened half a boat length on Dartmouth, while Washington still lay astern. Suddenly, from out of nowhere, as a Dartmouth man inventively put it afterward, there was Washington pushing Dartmouth for second place, and getting it. Penn turned on its famous power in an effort to shake free. Washington wouldn't shake. Still rowing at a low rate in comparison with the increasingly frantic Penn oarsmen, Washington closed in.

With 400 meters to row, Washington nosed ahead. Stroke Cliff Hurn smoothly leading his men to a 37 or 38 clip. The response from Penn was furious action that beat the water into a froth, but it failed to hold back Washington. On came the Huskies as the crowd awakened to the fact that underdog Washington was throwing a scare into mighty Penn. Certainly, though, it could be no more than that. But instead of capitulating to another of Penn's famous flutters, the Huskies increased their lead.

The hot pace set by Washington seemingly had drained the Quakers. Wisconsin poked them, then Dartmouth, finally Cornell. "The turning point," said a jubilant Edwards afterward, "came when Penn fluttered with about 600 meters to go. Instead of gaining they fell back. That's when we knew they were through."

At the finish line the Washington oarsmen splashed each other with hands and sweeps and gave the thumbs-up sign, with not a V to be seen from bow to stern. Puzzled, one spectator said, "There's something different about Washington, but I can't figure out what it is." "They've all got short hair," was the response.

"We're proud of our image," said Brad Thomas. "We keep our hair trimmed neatly."

Up strode Princeton's former coach, Dutch Schoch. "Tell everyone you don't have to have long hair to win boat races," he said. "Look at these boys: clean-cut, short-haired oarsmen, and they beat everyone."

Um, yes. Mostly other clean-cut, short-haired oarsmen. The Huskies' heart possibly had more to do with the victory than their barber.

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Marlu upsets the Hambo cart

Though not himself eligible for The Hambletonian, Marlu Pride took the measure of a flock of early contenders by winning the Dexter Cup

The original plan was to save the big colt until July, then send him to the races and point him directly toward trotting's top prize—The Hambletonian in Du Quoin, Ill. on Sept. 2. Besides all the money and prestige involved, The Hambletonian also is the only major stakes race that the colt's millionaire trainer-driver, Billy Haughton, has failed to win in his otherwise distinguished career. But New York's Roosevelt Raceway moved its \$131,514 Dexter Cup from early fall to last Saturday night—so how could a guy allow a marvelous trotter like Gil Hanover to stay in the barn?

"Cripes, here comes a \$100,000 race in June and you just have to get him ready," said Haughton one morning last week. "Of course, there's always the chance that I might regret it after the race, too."

Up until the Dexter Cup, Haughton had few regrets so far as Gil Hanover was concerned. One of Billy's premier patrons, John Froehlich, a wealthy po-

tato farmer from Brookville, Long Island, had been so impressed with Gil as a yearling that he authorized Haughton to go to \$95,000 for him at the 1968 Hartsburg Sales. A bay son of Hambletonian winner Hickory Smoke, out of a Hoot Mon mare (Hoot Mon also won the Hambo), Gil became the most expensive yearling ever handled by Haughton in almost three decades around the track, and the colt soon seemed to be worth every penny. In seven starts as a 2-year-old, he lost only once—by a head to an older horse.

But late last June, just when everyone in harness racing was beginning to talk about Haughton's impressive trotter, a small fracture was detected in Gil's right front knee, so Haughton took him out of training. This spring, fully recovered and looking stronger than ever, Gil easily won his first two races, and last Wednesday morning Haughton was smiling after drilling Gil around Roosevelt's training track.

It was the colt's last major tuneup before the Dexter Cup mile.

"He sure acts like a potential Hambletonian horse," said Haughton, absently flicking his long whip in the warm morning air. "But the thing is, we have never found out how much he can really go."

The way the Dexter Cup was shaping up, Gil Hanover seemed to be in for a sterner test than Haughton may have anticipated. Billy is not the only horseman with a promising 3-year-old trotter and a penchant for \$100,000 purses. His close friend in the training-driving business, Stanley Dancer, had not one but two nice colts racing under his familiar blue-and-gold colors. The star of Stanley's large stable was supposed to be Nevele Rascal, who won \$93,289 last season for the same folks who owned the great Nevele Pride, but Rascal recently had been upset by another Dancer trotter, Gallant Prince, a developing prospect whose most notable characteristic was his unusual grayish-red (roan) color. Stanley's older brother, Vernon, would be there, too, with Victory Star, last year's 2-year-old champion, and the rest of the field was loaded with dark horses and unknowns.

More than the competition, however, Haughton was worried about his colt's post position, No. 11, on the outside of the second tier of starters. That automatically put Gil a length and a half behind right at the start. Moreover, a look at the form chart showed that the trotters leaving in front and to the inside of Gil all had a knack for either breaking stride or getting away slowly. Early on, Gil could be trapped hopelessly in the heavy traffic.

"Well," said Froehlich to Haughton just after the draw, "they have you where they want you. It's just too bad, I don't think we can win it now."

His disappointment was understandable. A man who has lived and worked on Long Island all his life, Froehlich, 64, loves to watch his horses race at Roosevelt, which is another reason why Haughton decided to get Gil ready for the Dexter Cup. In fact, Froehlich used to grow some of his potatoes on land almost adjacent to the track. He sold that property—now the site of shopping centers and office buildings—for a profit that was anything but potatoes. Long independently wealthy, Froehlich still is an active farmer, the sort of man who spends as much as \$95,000 for a horse he likes but

continued



RUSHING UP for the lead just before the half, Gil Hanover (10, on the outside, is closely followed by Marlu Pride (9), who soon took over. Victory Star, leading here, faded to fifth.

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is apt to attend workouts wearing an old leather cap, a green shirt with the J.C. Penney tag still plainly visible, baggy trousers and heavy work shoes. Last week at least one reporter took him for one of Haughton's stable hands.

But on Saturday night, accompanied by a party of 20 fellow farmers and assorted friends, Froehlich showed up at Roosevelt looking spiffy enough for anybody's winner's circle. His confidence was buoyed by the fact that the crowd of 34,000 had made Gil Hanover the 6-to-5 favorite, and some of the more enthusiastic railbirds were even talking about the chances of somebody breaking Nevele Pride's stakes record of 2:02 1/2. After all, hadn't the trainers been saying that the new rubberized Roosevelt surface enabled their horses to go faster earlier in the season?

As he swung himself into Gil's sulky and prepared to drive onto the track, Haughton did not foresee a record. "At least, I hope not," he said, "because I don't think my colt is up to going that fast yet—and I hope these others aren't either."

At the start, Haughton moved Gil Hanover right behind the No. 4 horse, Gallant Prince, who got away fast with Stanley Dancer in the sulky. Coming out of the first of four turns on the half-mile track, Gil quickly moved from sixth to fifth when Gallant Prince went skipping off stride and out of contention. Haughton had accomplished Goal No. 1: to stay out of the early traffic.

As the quarter pole Gil was right behind Vernon Dancer and Victory Star, who were going hard for the lead, and at the half-mile mark, as the field came by the crowded stands for the first time, Haughton maneuvered Gil into the lead.

Up in his box, for perhaps the 15th time since the start, Froehlich said, "Yep, he's O.K." But over in the paddock the drivers and grooms were shaking their heads in amazement as the time of 1:00 1/2 for the first half flashed on the infield scoreboard. "Look at that," one of them said. "Holy cow, don't they know they have a mile to go?"

On the backstretch Gil still had the lead, when suddenly one of the unknowns—an 18-to-1 shot named Marlu Pride, driven by Herve Filon—maneuvered around and past him. Although Haughton said later, "My horse was dead at the three-quarter pole," Gil Hanover still was second as the field turned

down the stretch for home. But then Gil jumped off stride and horse after horse swept past while Haughton fought unsuccessfully to get him back on gait. "I don't know what happened," Billy said later. "I guess he just wasn't up to that kind of race yet."

Gil staggered across the finish line ninth, six seconds and many lengths behind Filon and the surprising Marlu Pride, who was clocked in 2:01 3/4—a second better than the stakes record. Nevele Rascal was 6 1/2 lengths back in second, Victory Star tired badly and finished fifth while Gallant Prince was able to recover to sixth. Marlu's owner, August J. Portanova of Purchase, N.Y., made a delayed appearance in the winner's circle to pick up the Dexter plaque, possibly because he was upset: he had not nominated his colt for The Hambletonian and now it was too late to enter, because the rules do not allow supplementary nominations.

As Haughton guided a wheezing Gil Hanover back to the paddock, his critics were shaking their heads and saying that Billy should never have asked so much of the colt so soon if he was really serious about wanting to end his Hambro losing streak at 12. Why didn't he save Gil until July, as originally planned? That's what Johnny Sampson, the winner of two Hambros, was doing with his promising Timothy T. And old Frank Ervin suit had Old Glory on the farm in Lexington. Even Haughton was second-guessing himself as he relished the Dexter Cup in the paddock. "Now that it's all over, I wish I hadn't started him, I sure do," he said. "That post position did it, that was the whole thing."

"I thought Gil had a real big race," said fellow driver Del Insko. "He had a very good reason to get tired, with that post and that kind of pace I've never seen so many hang in there like that, especially in June."

Insko's words seemed to make Haughton feel better, and then he managed a tight smile when his top assistant trainer, Apples Thomas, came up to tell him that Gil was plenty tired, but unharmed. Although he will send Gil to Canada for a race this Friday, Haughton said he would then let him rest until early July.

"No, there's nothing wrong with the horse," said Haughton. "I guess he was just tired. It's still a long way from now until The Hambletonian in September. We'll see."

END

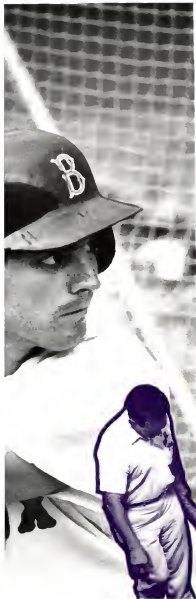
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This story begins on Aug. 18, 1967. That was the day I was hit in the head by a baseball, which very nearly ended my career—not to say my life. A couple of inches higher and I'd have been killed. We were playing a night game with the California Angels, and Fenway Park was packed the way it was for nearly all our home games in 1967, when Boston was fighting for a pennant. (The last time the Red Sox had won one was 1918, when I was one year old.) Just before I came to bat in the fourth inning somebody threw a smoke bomb. A cloud of black smoke hung over the field, delaying the game about 10 minutes. I'm not terribly superstitious, so I didn't think much about it. But I've thought about it a lot since.

Jack Hamilton was pitching for the Angels. He was a

continued

RETURN FROM THE DARK

On a night in Boston a pitched ball blinded—and nearly killed—Red Sox Outfielder Tony Conigliaro. Here begins the story of his early terror and his struggle toward recovery
by TONY CONIGLIARO with JACK ZANGER



hard thrower who was frequently accused of throwing spitballs, or preaseballs or whatever you want to call them. The point is his ball broke in a funny way, like no pitch is supposed to break. My first time up I had singled off a curveball, so this time I went up there looking for a fastball, figuring to hit it up the middle, hard. Just before he made his first pitch I wondered if the delay had caused his arm to stiffen. It was the last thought I had before he hit me.

The ball came sailing right toward my chin. Normally a hitter can jerk his head back a fraction and the ball will buzz by. But this pitch seemed to follow me in. I know I didn't freeze, I definitely made a move to get out of the way of the ball. In fact, I jerked my head back so hard that my helmet flipped off just before impact.

Funny, you never go up there thinking you're going to be hit, and then in a fraction of a second you know it's going to happen. When the ball was about four feet from my head I knew it would get me. And I knew it would hurt because Hamilton was such a hard thrower. I was frightened. I threw my hands up in front of my face and saw the ball follow me back and hit me square in the left side of the head. As soon as it crunched into me, it felt as if the ball would go in one side of my head and come out the other; my legs gave way and I went down like a sack of potatoes. Just before everything went dark I saw the ball bounce straight down on home plate. It was the last thing I saw for several days.

I was never knocked out but I wish I had been. I rolled on the ground trying to stop the pain in my head with my hands. The impact of the ball made both my eyes slam shut and I felt a tremendous swelling in my mouth. I couldn't see. I remember thinking, *I'm blind, I can't see*. Then I heard Rico Petrocelli's voice saying, "Take it easy, Tony. You're gonna be all right." Rico was the next hitter after me and he was the first person to reach me.

The swelling was so bad inside my mouth that I was worried about breathing. My mouth was filling up fast with fluid—I thought it was blood but it wasn't. I had only a small opening that I could breathe through, and then the thought started running through my mind: *Suppose this thing closes up? I won't be able to breathe*. I thought, *Oh, Jesus, if this thing closes up on me I'm gone*. That's when I asked God to keep me alive. That's when I knew He could take me if He wanted to. It was like a showdown between me and God, and I was afraid I would die right then and there.

If there was any sound coming from the stands the pain blotted it out. There was just one big deafening whistling going on inside my head. I couldn't see out of my eyes. I

couldn't stand the pain and I couldn't do anything about it and I immediately became sick to my stomach. Then I remembered that my family was in the stands, my mother and father and my two brothers, Billy and Richie. I didn't want them to worry, and yet I knew they had to be worried by what they saw. I knew things looked terrible with me lying there on the ground. Later on some of my teammates told me they thought I was dead, "Your eye looked crushed," Rico told me. "It made me sick to look at it."

I could make out Buddy LeRoux's voice telling me to lie still until the stretcher came. Buddy is the club's trainer and I had always felt close to him. Then, after what seemed like a year of waiting, I felt myself being lifted onto a stretcher. I was carried off the field and into the clubhouse. They laid me out on one of the trainer's tables and Buddy put an ice pack against the side of my head. "Buddy, this pain is killing me," I said. "Give me something." It hurt so much I could hardly talk.

"I can't, Tony," he said. "Relax. Dr. Tierney's here."

The Red Sox team physician, Dr. Thomas M. Tierney, had been sitting in the stands, and the moment he saw them carry me off he rushed down and was waiting for me in the clubhouse when I got there. He's been a close family friend for years, and knowing he was in the picture made me feel a little better. But when he didn't say anything to me and just acted like a doctor I became worried about my condition all over again. What he did while waiting for an ambulance to come—though I didn't know it at the time—was to test my blood pressure and reflexes.

I had no idea what was happening to me and I felt helpless. The room was deathly quiet. If I hadn't heard the scraping of spikes on the hard floor I would have thought there was something wrong with my ears, too. Some of my teammates had come back from the dugout to see how I was. A couple of guys grabbed my wrist and squeezed hard to encourage me, but nobody was saying anything. I don't know how many of them came back or even who they were, but I know Dick Williams, the Sox manager, never came back and that has always bothered me. Maybe he was too busy at the time, but whatever the excuse it hardly made me feel warm about him afterward—not that it ever was that way between us, anyway.

Somehow I knew my father was there, even though he didn't say a single word. Buddy told me later how easy my father made it for everybody by just standing there off to one side, keeping out of the way and not making a scene. We're a very close family, very emotional, and in times of trouble we really come together. But my father is also blessed with a special calm that comes over him in situations where he knows there's nothing he can do, and I'll never know how he kept himself under control that night. Billy and Richie had come into the clubhouse with him, and I found out later that Richie had hidden in a corner and bawled into the wall so I wouldn't hear him.

From outside somewhere I heard the wailing of an am-

This series is excerpted from the book "Seeing It Through" by Tony Conigliaro with Jack Zenger (The Moccasin Company). © 1970 by Tony Conigliaro and Joseph L. Tauro. All rights reserved.

balance siren I thought, *Thank God, now maybe I'll get something to kill this pain.* By now I just felt like screaming out and crying, but I didn't want to act like a baby in front of my father and brothers. I was trying to hold it all in, but it was hard.

The ride to the hospital was the longest of my life, even though it was only about 15 minutes from Fenway Park. The driver was speeding all the way with the siren going full blast, and every time he turned a corner or put on the brakes I thought my head would split wide open. My father and Dr. Tierney rode with me in the back.

I was taken to Sancta Maria Hospital in Cambridge, just across the Charles River. Once I got there I thought they'd stop the pain. But the first thing they did was take me to an examination room where a neurosurgeon looked me over and took X rays. They were afraid I might be hemorrhaging internally. Fortunately, I wasn't. If I had, I would have been in real trouble. Every time they moved the position of my head to take a picture I felt like screaming at them to get the hell out of there and leave me alone. But I knew I had to hang on. The pain was so severe now that even if I could see out of my eyes it would have hurt too much to open them.

Finally I was taken upstairs to a room and put to bed. I was extremely woozy and wanted only to sleep but couldn't because the pain was still with me, worse than ever. Fluid was oozing out of my mouth onto the pillow—I still thought it was blood. My parents were allowed to come in for a few minutes with Billy and Richie. They didn't say very much. My mother just held my hand, trying not to cry. But she is a woman with great feelings and, unlike my father, she shows them most of the time. I didn't want to make things worse by telling her how much my head hurt, and it killed me to know how miserable everyone was. I silently asked God not to let this thing tear them up and make any of them sick because of me.

After they left, the thought shot through me that I might never see them again. As I lay there in the dark, death was constantly on my mind. An empty feeling came over me. I wanted someone around me to hold onto, but no one came. I was never so alone in my life.

During the night I managed to sleep in spurts of 15 or 20 minutes. Either I'd wake up with the pain running through my head or it was the nurse coming to check on me. Sancta Maria Hospital is Catholic and some of the nurses are nuns. My nurse would come in to take my pulse and blood pressure every 15 minutes or so. Once I remember asking her, "Am I gonna be all right?" and she said, "Oh, you're fine. You'll be all right." You know the way they talk. But it frightened me to death the way she kept running out to find the doctor every time. In my whole life this was probably the closest I ever felt to God. I've never been terribly religious. Oh, I go to church on Sundays, but that's just because I grew up doing it. But now I was begging Him to let me live. I wasn't thinking



The athletic Conlpharo boys, Billy (center), Richie and Tony (right), at with parents at their suburban home.

of baseball anymore. I knew if I could just get well I'd be able to hit again.

The next thing I remember was waking up the next morning and feeling someone holding my hand. A voice said, "It's me, Tony, Tom Yawkey." I couldn't believe it. Yes I could. I'd believe anything about this fine man who owns the Red Sox. He had always been kind and patient with me and listened to my problems; I knew I could always go to him when I was in trouble and I went to him many times. Now, as busy as he was, he was sitting in my room holding my hand and telling me not to worry.

I think I realized then that this was the guy I was really playing for, nobody else. Maybe I didn't like Dick Williams very much and griped about him, but this was the man who really mattered. He and, of course, my family and my fans. Tom Yawkey is not only the best owner in baseball, he's the best friend a ballplayer ever had. He'd do anything to help his players and he knows I'd do anything for him.

During the morning I heard a commotion going on outside my room. The door was ajar and I heard the nun say, "But you can't come in here. He's not having any visitors." Then I heard another voice say, "Ah, come on, Sister, just let me in for a minute." I recognized that voice, all right. It was Mike Ryan, my roommate and closest friend on the ball club. "Is that you, Mike?" I called out.

"Hey, roommate, you in there?" he yelled. "Hey, come on out. I got the babes and some beer waiting downstairs in the car. Let's go." I thought the nun would have a fit. But

Continued

I was too sick to even laugh. "No, I'm dying, Mike," I said. "Some other time."

"Come on, Sister," Mike said. "See, he needs me. Let me in." She finally did. "How'd you get up here anyway?" I asked. "Sneaked up the fire escape," he said. I laughed. When he left I felt a lot better. I also found out that Jack Hamilton had come by that morning and wanted to see me but they wouldn't let him up.

There was absolutely nothing I could do those first couple of days in the hospital except lie there like a vegetable. But once I realized I was out of danger I began thinking for the first time about the beating. The big question I asked myself was: Did Hamilton hit me intentionally? I had been in a slight hitting slump going into the series with the Angels and pitchers usually don't try to stir up guys who are slumping. So I decided to give him the benefit of the doubt.

Besides, I figured the pitch he hit me with was a spitter. I was hit because of the crazy way it broke in on me. If a guy's going to hit you, or even brush you back, he certainly isn't going to throw a spitter—he gives you smoke. I didn't feel one way or the other about Hamilton before he beamed me and I don't hate him for what he did. I have no grudge against him, but I wouldn't invite him over to the house for dinner, either. Only one person in the whole world knows if Jack Hamilton was trying to hit me that night.

It's not that I object to getting thrown at. I feel that brush-back pitches are part of the game and I've always accepted them. Not beanballs, though. There's a difference. It may be slight, but it's there just the same. It's maybe a difference of a couple of inches, a difference between be-

ing hit and not being hit, a difference of what's on the pitcher's mind. Some pitchers just try to loosen the batter up at the plate so he doesn't get a good toehold. I'll go along with that. But any pitcher who deliberately throws at a batter is a coward. It takes more guts to throw the ball over the plate.

I was a happy man when I woke up on my second morning. I could see. Not great, the sight out of my right eye was fuzzy, but I could make things out. All I saw were flowers and mail sacks, a roomful of them. They knocked me out. Thousands of letters—we counted 13,000—from people all over the country. They must have started writing the night I was hurt.

But just being able to see again was enough to revive my spirits. I couldn't tell sunlight or whether it was a beautiful day outside or a cloudy one. The headaches eased off to where I could go a few hours without feeling pain. That's when they started giving me all the medication I needed and that's when Dr. Tierney told me how bad things looked when I was first brought there.

"You're a lucky guy, Tony," he said. "We were really worried about you for the first 24 hours or so. Had the pitch been two inches higher you would have been dead." He then explained that I had suffered a linear fracture of the left cheekbone and a dislocated jaw. I had taken the brunt of the pitch high up near my temple, and the tremendous concussion is what caused my eyes to slam shut. He told me that even after the left eye opened, it would be weeks before the swelling would go down so they could examine the damage inside. He's a real pro and I'm glad he always leveled with me.

On his next visit Dr. Tierney let me look at myself in a mirror. What I saw sickened me. The left eye was black and purple and nearly the size of a handball. I could actually make out the imprint of the stitches where the ball had hit me. On top of that I had lost seven or eight pounds and I looked pale and emaciated.

For the whole time I was in the hospital Mr. Yawkey came to see me every day. So did a lot of my teammates, guys like Ryan and Rico and George Scott. But I never heard from Dick Williams at all. He never came up to the hospital and he never dropped me a line or anything.

This upset me. I felt I had contributed something to the ball club and had given the man everything I had. I was hit in the face by a baseball and nearly lost my life, and I felt the least he could do was show me he knew I existed. Sure, my relationship with Williams hadn't been a great one—but I did my job. I played ball and didn't give him any trouble. I guess we just started out disliking each other and things never got any better. We first met back in 1964, when I was a rookie trying to make the ball club and he was a veteran trying to hang on. Somehow they roomed us together for a short time. We never got along. I didn't like him because he was cocky. Johnny Pesky behind the manager then and Williams was always talking behind

continued

Tony, who spent long days avoiding friends, relaxes in Boston pad.



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RETURN continued

Pesky's back, saying how he would have done things differently. He acted like he knew it all, and I couldn't understand what he had to be so cocky about when he never could hit a baseball very well in his whole life.

Time dragged on in the hospital. By the third day the sight in my right eye came back pretty close to normal and the left eye opened slightly. The Red Sox put me on the 21-day disabled list, which meant I couldn't play anytime before Sept. 9. But now I was beginning to realize that it was going to be quite a battle getting back before the season was over. A few days later I felt this even more, when the Red Sox picked up Ken Harrelson to play right field. I didn't resent the move. Anytime you get a guy with Harrelson's home-run but you're helping yourself offensively.

But I felt cheated and angry because of what I was missing. This club had such youth and spirit and desire that it was just ungodly being around them. Every game was a big one, and we were all too excited to be tired. At the time of my benning I was having what was probably my best all-round year. I was hitting .287 and had 20 homers and had knocked in 67 runs. The only time I had ever hit for a higher average in the majors was my rookie year of 1964, when I batted .290. The next year I was the American League's home-run champion with 32, the youngest player ever to lead the league in homers. The way I was hitting the ball in 1967 I think I could have come close to .290 and finished with 30 homers and 100 RBIs. Anyway, I wanted to get back and help.

The last day I was in the hospital a Dr. I. Francis Gregory, the ophthalmologist at Sancta Maria, came to see me. He was a nice little man and he kept calling me "my boy" all the time. He ran some tests on my left eye and told me I was 20/80, which wasn't too bad considering how recently I had been hit. My right eye was 20/15, and they concluded that my left eye must have been about the same before the injury. I left the hospital with the understanding that I would come back later for more tests.

My family lives in Swampscott, which

is on the North Shore about 11 miles above Boston. It's a nice quiet place that becomes a resort town in summer. Even though I've had my own apartment in Boston for several years, I go back there often and really regard it as my home. Now, my father's not a rich man, but he's not a lazy one, either. The reason we were eventually able to move to Swampscott is that he worked hard all his life and managed to put enough money together so we could live well. He worked at many jobs. Right now he's plant manager at the Triangle Tool and Die Company in Lynn. He's never afraid to take a chance. One time he got some chickens and planned to sell them at a profit, but they all got sick and died and he lost his money. Another time he and his brother Guy bought up a lot of Christmas trees and told themselves, boy, we're going to get rich. They stood on a street corner every day for weeks, but nobody would pay them what they were asking. They lowered their price and wound up making about \$3.85 and catching pneumonia.

The point I'm trying to make is that my father is a pretty big man to me. He's always there when you need him. When I was a kid, if my mother called him and told him she was having trouble with me he'd leave work no matter what time it was and come home to see about the problem. He handled it, usually with his hand, but he handled it. So when it came time for me to leave the hospital who else but my father would be there to take me home?

The day after I got home my parents and I went away for a vacation. For a while I felt my eye was improving, but when we got home after two weeks I could see very little change. I had double vision, and I found that if I didn't want to do silly things like tipping over glasses I had to reach for them slowly.

I phoned Dr. Gregory and set up an appointment. The first thing he did was give me an ordinary eye test. I could make out the big E on top with my left eye, and not much else below it. He looked a little grim at this point. "This is not so good, my boy," he said. "Something's happened to the eye. Something

is seriously wrong with the seeing part of your eye. Look, let's go down to see my friend Charlie Regan at Retina Associates. He's equipped to do things I can't do here. This is a retinal job and I want him to see it."

I felt weak all over. My throat stuck and I didn't know if I could talk. I was as scared as I've ever been in my life. I finally managed to say, "What does this mean? Will it get better?"

"I can't tell you that now," Dr. Gregory said. "I think you might have a bleb on your eye. That's slang for cyst, a blister. It's normal for one to form after an injury like the one you've just had. But I can't tell anything more until we get a closer look at it."

The next day I met Dr. Gregory at Retina Associates. The building looked like an abandoned warehouse. The whole thing was beginning to frighten me, although I later found out that Dr. Regan was one of the leading ophthalmologists in the country.

After extensive tests I sat with Dr. Regan in his office. He told me that I had a blind spot in my left eye caused by a cyst in the macula, which is in the center of the retina. The macula is only about one-tenth of an inch in diameter, but it is where our direct vision comes from. It is the part of the eye that enables us to read small print or, as Dr. Regan explained, lets a ballplayer judge the speed and distance of a baseball coming 90 miles an hour at him.

I don't claim I understood everything he said, but I do know it all sounded terrible, as though I were being told my playing days were ended. I got up courage enough to ask Dr. Regan if I'd ever be able to see well enough to play ball again. I tried to make it sound flip but I dreaded to hear his answer.

"I don't know," he said as nicely as he could. "The eye may still be undergoing changes. It's something we'll have to watch for a while."

A couple of days later I decided to have a game of catch with Richie. When he threw the ball to me I found I had to concentrate very hard on watching it with my right eye or I'd catch it in the heel of my glove. I could tell Richie

was watching me closely, so not to worry him I started fooling around. "Hey, Richie," I called, "watch this curve." And I started breaking off curveballs. Funny, I could put the ball where I wanted to, but it was hard to see the ball clearly when Richie threw it back. I tried to nonchalant it, you know—flack out my glove at the last second to make the catch. That way if I dropped a throw, it wouldn't look bad. If Richie caught on, he kept his mouth shut and just caught me. Afterward, at bat playing pepper, I missed the ball a couple of times. That may not seem like much, but I had never missed hitting the ball in pepper in my whole life. Never. All Richie did was laugh and keep tossing the ball in.

Finally I was so disgusted with myself I quit. I went into the house and straight to my room. The next day I tried playing again—with no improvement—and the next and the next and the next days. Once I remember throwing the bat against the fence and running inside the house. I was just dying to get back into the pennant race and here I couldn't even play ball with a kid brother.

I had stayed away from the ball park because I couldn't stand going there and not playing. But four weeks after the accident I figured I had to go.

I got to Fenway early. When I opened the clubhouse door everything looked the same. Reggie Smith, our rookie centerfielder, was sitting against his locker smoking a cigarette. Carl Yastrzemski was on the trainer's table getting some hot stuff put on his arm. George Scott was looking over a pile of bats trying to pick the ones with hits in them.

They all seemed to see me at once, and then they were all over me—Rico and Scotty and Mike Ryan. "What ya say, roomie?" Ryan said. "Come down to give the troops a pep talk?" "T.C., T.C.," Scotty said. "Gimme five, man," and he slipped palms with me.

I was glad to see them, of course, but there was also a nervousness in me I couldn't explain. I felt like an outsider in the clubhouse. I wasn't able to contribute anything. I was just a visitor. I felt all knotted up inside and I knew

continued

my guts would explode if I didn't get out of there in a hurry. So I made my excuses, said I had a headache and would watch them on TV. When I got home I didn't bother to switch the set on.

The next time I went back to Fenway Park I suited up. I had to feel a part of it even if I wasn't. But I wouldn't take any hitting. I knew how bad I'd look. Instead I went to the outfield to shag flies, but even out there I wasn't too sure of myself. When the ball came at me I saw two or three at the same time, so I decided to finesse it. I'd let the ball drop a few feet in front of me and then I'd nonchalantly pick it up. Some of the guys out there with me would ask, "How's the eye, Tony?" and I'd say, "Oh, fine. It's coming along fine."

When the club went on the road I drove out to Fenway Park. Keith Rosensfield, our regular bat boy, was sanding down a bat when I walked into the clubhouse. "Hey, Moe," I said, "I feel like working out. How about flipping some in to me?" Moe's a small kid with big dark eyes, and those eyes sure bugged out now. All the kids who work for the club love to play ball, and anytime a player asks them to practice with him they jump at the chance.

While I changed, Moe went to get some balls and tell the ground crew to put up the batting cage. My heart began to race. I was getting that edgy feeling I always get before a ball game. I picked up a couple of my favorite bats. I grabbed a helmet with an earflap on the left side and went out to meet Moe.

As I stepped into the batter's box I suddenly realized that this was the spot where I'd been hit. It gave me a cold feeling. I wondered if I really could make it back all the way, and I remember telling myself that if I ever did I wasn't going to be gun-shy. I'll dig in and crowd the plate like I always did, I said. I wasn't going to let a little beating bother me.

"O.K., Moe," I yelled out. "I'll lay a couple of buns down first." I got the thick part of my bat on his first pitch and dropped it down the line. It was a good bunt. I tried several more, mostly to get the feel again, and finally

I called out, "O.K., I'm hitting. Just throw strikes."

Moe nodded, went into a big windmill windup, kicked his leg up and threw a powderpuff. He weighed all of 120 pounds and he really couldn't throw very hard. I hit the ball weakly to short. I hadn't seen it very well and I didn't get all of my bat on it. But I didn't really care at this point. I just wanted to get the sensation of hitting a baseball again. I have always loved hitting. When I was a kid I used to hit till my hands bled. Now I just wanted to prove to myself that I could come back no matter how long it was going to take. I couldn't stand the thought of being away from baseball.

Moe threw me another one like the first one and I topped it down the third-base line. I missed the next one completely. It was a high inside pitch. Before, if I had decided to go for it I would have got wood on it. Not now.

I could see Moe was worried. "Look," I said, "I'm wearing a helmet and it's got an earflap. If you come close I'll get out of the way. O.K.?"

Now Moe got real serious and began aiming the ball down the middle. He got a good one over, but the best I could do with it was send a fly to shallow center. I missed a couple and I could feel the hairs on the back of my neck pinch. I was good and mad. I realized I could see the ball only with my right eye. When I tried to see it with my left, tears would come and I'd lose it.

"Was that a strike?" I'd ask when I let one go by on the outside. "No," Moe'd say. "Low and away." I couldn't tell. Dr. Regan was right. I couldn't judge anything. That's how bad it was.

I stayed in the cage for almost an hour, trying every way I knew to get a hit, but it was no use. I went inside, took a shower and got a rub from Vinnie Orlando, who does the same thing for Mr. Yawkey every day. "How'd it go out there, Tony?" he asked.

"Don't ask, Vinnie," I said. "It'll make you sick."

A week later I saw Dr. Regan again. My vision was 20/100 and my distance judgment was still poor. "The blind spot is still there, Tony," he said, "and your

distance vision is so poor that it might be dangerous for you to play any more ball this year."

There it was. Somebody finally said it to me. Now I had the word. "There's no way," Dr. Regan said, "you could get ready in time to play in the World Series if the Red Sox make it." We set up another appointment for October and I left. The next day the Red Sox announced that I was through for the year.

I had to be alone and I went back to my apartment. I lived on the 10th floor of a modern building that had balconies. Mine overlooked the ball park but the view was almost entirely of right field. I stood there by myself for most of the afternoon trying to fight down the things going through my mind. I began to cry. Later on, when the game started, I stood out there in the dark and watched Harrelson playing my position. I could hear the crowd howling and I realized how nice the park looked with all those lights on. I realized how much I missed it and how I wished I were playing. And I suspected I'd never play again.

The season was down to the last week. When the club got home I went to the ball park every day. But, of course, I wouldn't go near the cage. I'd suit up and shag flies in the outfield, fielding them on hops. I was trying to convince everyone that I was just keeping in shape and staying away from the writers.

We won the pennant when Detroit, playing a couple of hours later than us, lost its last game. Suddenly there was champagne and screaming in our packed clubhouse. We had been a 100-to-1 shot this year and we'd taken the pennant. The Impossible Dream. The guys were pounding each other on the back, the noise was so deafening I couldn't hear myself screaming. It was wild. But all of a sudden a terrible feeling of depression came over me. What was I feeling so good about? I might never play again. I was sitting in front of my locker and I broke into tears. I couldn't stop myself. Mike Ryan saw me and put his arm around me. "What's wrong, roommate?" he said. I shook him off. "Just what the hell did I do? What did I contribute?" I asked. Tom Yawkey told me,

continued

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"Tony, you helped. You were a part of it," I pretended that everything was O.K., but I got away from the celebration as soon as I could.

I was allowed to sit on the bench during the Series against St. Louis. Before the game I went around the locker room juicing up the players—saving the Boomer for last. That's George Scott. He's always hanging around me and he's truly one of the funniest people I know. I've never seen a guy in my life maintain his confidence like the Boomer does, even when he's in the worst kind of slump. I've also never met anybody who's more superstitious. He'll spend half an hour before a game examining each one of his bats looking for the ones with hits in them. He talks to them. He'll grip a bat and say, "You got any hits in you today?" Then he'll pump it a few times with those powerful wrists and throw it down on the floor with a thud and say, "You ain't got nothin'." He'll pick up another one and do the same thing until it's time to go out. By then he's sure he's found the right bats. And when he has a good one he'll lock it up in our little bat room so that nobody else will find it.

"How you feeling today, Boomer?" I asked. "Hey T.C., T.C.," he said. "Somebody's gonna get hurt out there today."

"What are you talking about, George?" I said.

"I'm gonna hang out some peas today and anybody gets in the way is gonna get hurt," he answered with the most serious expression on his face.

Then he starts saying, "I can do it, I can do it, I can do it." And goes to the mirror and looks into it and says, "You can do it, George." That is what I had said a few days before, looking into my own mirror. But I didn't say it with the same conviction as George. We lost the Series in the seventh game and I went home to spend a long lonely winter.

NEXT WEEK

Completing his story, the author tells how his hopes were raised and then crushed, and how, almost miraculously, his vision returned.

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YESTERDAY

A Great Day at Aintree—and in Tipperary

He was ugly and misshapen and mean, with a mouth like a parrot's, feet like flatirons, and no reputation at all. But he was Irish and he somehow won England's top race, the Grand National by JOHN COTTRELL

Crazily angled at near 45°, the leading horse leaped at the five-foot hedge and landed almost sideways on top. There, gasping, he seasawed momentarily before slithering back into a ditch. Close at his flying heels, unable to avoid collision, were more than 20 others. In seconds the scene was a nightmarish tangle of writhing mounts and fallen riders, jockeys scrambling for cover through treacherous mud, horses running spare with their stirrup leathers fluttering.

In one floundering swoop on this gray, misty afternoon of March 30, 1928, the field in the British Grand National was reduced by more than two-thirds and, with little more than a quarter of the distance covered, the Blue Riband of steeplechasing was transformed into a spectacle of farcical confusion. But the pile-up at the Canal Turn was only a beginning; more astonishing events were to follow, leading to quite the most extraordinary result in the famed steeplechase's 131-year-old history.

The Grand National, run every March at Aintree, Liverpool, and first won there in 1839 by a horse called Lottery, was always the most uncertain lottery in the punter's year. Invariably, a large proportion of the field failed to complete the course, which took its entries over 4½ miles of the most formidable fences in the world.

The fences themselves, stretching right across the course, none higher than live feet two inches, were not enormous. But they presented subtle perils. Several stood diagonally at bends, with the landing ground almost a foot below takeoff level. Here, the unsuspecting horse would descend with much the same sensation as a man running down an uneven staircase in the dark. The jockey had to sit back, slip the reins to the buckle—and pray.

Hardly a race, then, for the inferior

horse. Yet, in 1928, when more attention was paid to pedigree than to performance, and when the Grand National was open to virtually any thoroughbred gelding of more of 5 years and upward, the field included several eagles of dubious speed and stamina. One, indeed, absolutely defied serious consideration. His name was Tipperary Tim.

An ugly brute if ever there was one—a dark-brown gelding, ill-tempered, ungainly and oversized, he had never won a notable race in his 10-year life. His own trainer confessed that he had no real turn of speed. As a yearling he had been sold for a modest 50 guineas (then \$252) and employed as a hack on which stableboys ran their errands.

It is said that a Grand National winner can come in almost any shape or size. In 1904 he came king-size in the name of Morfai, the "starved elephant" of over 17 hands who had miraculously survived a shipwreck on his voyage from New Zealand to England. In 1938 he came pony-sized with Mrs. Marion Scott's blinkered Battleship, by Man O' War, out of Quarantine, 15.2 hands and the first winner to be both American-bred and owned.

But, allowing for nazars and handicaps, there is normally one basic prerequisite of the would-be National winner: he must be sound in wind and limb. Tipperary Tim did not even qualify on that score; he had a metal tube inserted in his throat to aid his breathing. Besides this, he had a "parrot mouth," a malformation of the upper jaw which sets the upper front teeth overhanging the lower jaw, so preventing a horse from grazing and often inducing digestive troubles. Only three things could be said in Tim's favor: his feet were so big that he never fell down; his malformed mouth prevented his teeth from connecting when he bit people, and, like

so many giants of the Turf, he was Irish.

On the afternoon in question, Billy Dutton, a young lawyer and amateur rider, was riding this forlorn hope, so patently incapable of completing the course in the 10 minutes or so normally required for victory. Shortly before the race, as the horses appeared in the tree-lined paddock, a friend bantered loudly: "Billy, you'll only win if all the others fall down."

The Grand National, at the best of times, was as wide open as the fences which gave room for 20 horses to jump in line abreast. But this year the outcome was more unpredictable than ever by reason of the record entry of 42 horses and the abominable conditions at the track. Heavy overnight and morning rain had turned the course into a quagmire.

The crowd was a mixed gathering of politicians and peers, bookies and tipsters, bowler-hatted city gents and cloth-capped dockers. King Amanullah of Afghanistan was there, together with his beautiful Queen Suriya shivering inside a heavy sable coat. Large numbers of Americans, too, had crossed the Atlantic to the Mecca of steeplechasing. One entry commanded their exclusive support: the American chaser Billy Barton, winner two years before of the Maryland Hunt Cup. Could he become the only horse ever to win both Britain's and the United States' supreme test of jumping ability and courage? The official odds were 33-to-1 against.

Some half-dozen other horses were outstanding. Master Billie, 5-to-1 favorite; Trump Card, ante-post favorite at 11-to-2; the French-bred Magdeleine, Amberwave and Sprig, the 1927 winner. Not least was the handsome chestnut Easter Hero, recently bought by Captain Alfred Lowenstein, the Belgian millionaire financier, for the then astronomical sum of £7,000 (\$33,600), plus a contingency

continued

of £3,000 (\$34,400), should he win the National. Here was quite the most spectacular horse to be seen at Aintree for years; he was handicapped accordingly with the tough weight of 12 stone five pounds.

The 42 runners milled impatiently at the start; a single line of tape went up. It was a false start and half the field had gone 100 yards before they were recalled. Then, after a second breakaway, the National began at seven minutes after the scheduled hour. Keep Cool was first away. Amberwave the last. Ahead, spread over a left-handed, triangular course, stood 16 fences of spruce, gorse or fir, all but two of which had to be jumped twice.

In traditional style, there was a mad charge over the long, clear run of almost half a mile to the first fence, but despite the scramble no horse failed to take this low hurdle. Amberwave, after jumping three fences like a novice, refused the fourth. Sprig was eliminated at the fifth.

The next jump, slanting diagonally across the course, was the dreaded Becher's Brook, a hedge five feet high and three inches wide in front of a natural brook five feet six inches wide. Here, in the first National, one Captain Becher came unstuck on Conrad, crawling into the brook for safety and quipping, "Water should never be taken without brandy." This time Koko was the faller, and they needed ropes to haul him out.

So far the number of casualties was not excessive, and, though the going was treacherous and the visibility bad, the rain at least was holding off. Still well in the running were Master Billie, Billy Barton and Easter Hero, and surprisingly only one horse, Bright's Boy, failed at the seventh fence, an awkward five-footer approached at an angle with the horses veering left as they jump and left again as they land. Then came the catastrophe at the Canal Turn. Easter Hero was seen through the mist to be leading at the time. Some say he slipped, others that he stood too far back for his angled leap. Whatever happened, this normally elegant chestnut ended like a wrecked windmill in the ditch and was immediately joined by his nearest rivals, Grackle and Durracq. To those close in their wake they presented an insurmountable equine wall.

Most prominent of the nine who sur-

vived the pileup were Billy Barton, now surging strongly into the lead, Maguelonne, May King and De Comfort. Way behind them, plodding firmly but with all the grace of a rampant elephant, was the surefooted Tipperary Tam.

Tim, the outsider, was, of course, incapable of maintaining the fast pace set at the start. Rider Dutton, content just to stay in the race, kept him wide on the far side of the course where the turf was firmest, and when he came to the Canal Turn, much of the wreckage had been scrambled away. The graceless Tim heaved himself over at leisure.

As the field entered the final lap, heavy-footed Tim was one of only five of the 42 starters still running. American's Billy Barton was leading all the way. Safely over the Canal Turn a second time, he next cleared Valentine's—a five-foot-high fence before a six-foot-wide brook—two lengths ahead of Great Span.

At the following fence, the 26th, both Maguelonne and May King fell, and Billy's prospects positively soured. It was, everyone agreed, now a straight duel between the American challenger and Great Span, just a length behind. After all, only one other horse was left: the inevitable Tipperary Tam, lumbering some six lengths behind, a gallant but seemingly irrelevant survivor.

Less than a length separated the two leaders as they approached the penultimate fence. Both took off perfectly, almost together. Then came the cruellest stroke of ill-luck: Great Span's saddle slipped off entirely and 17-year-old rider Bill Payne, confident till that moment, found himself dumped ignominiously in the mud. His mount went steaming on to the finish.

The *hasco* was virtually complete, all hope of a stirring finish apparently lost. Only two horses now survived—Billy Barton leading strongly. A rank outsider with artificial breathing apparatus, lumbering along, came after. Now the hundreds of American visitors cheered! If anything at all seemed certain on this mad March afternoon of mishaps it was that their Billy would win. Just one more fence remained before the last, long stretch, and he had far superior speed.

Suddenly, to a great "Oh" of astonishment from the enclosures, the unbelievable happened. Tipperary Tim, the disparaged nonhoper, was actually clos-

ing the gap—so swiftly that they rose almost together at the final fence. Could he do it? Impossible. Running wide throughout, with never a hoofprint in front of him, he had already covered an inordinate distance. He could never last the killing pace.

But this was a day for the seemingly impossible to happen, and so it was that Billy Barton, who had triumphed over the more dangerous tumbors of Maryland, now fumbled his last jump. He hit the 30th hurdle, stumbled on landing and rider Tommy Cullinan slipped to the ground. In a flash he had remounted, but the damage was done. Those lost precious seconds gave Tim all the advantage he required.

Landing as surely as ever on his soup-plate feet, Tim squeaked on through the heavy mud, the wheezing through his tubed throat drowned by the roaring of the sporting crowd who, for all their losses, could not ignore such an arrestable, albeit irrational, success. Billy Barton came in second, and last—beaten "by a distance," the record books say.

Never before had so few horses finished in the National, never had so many fallen. More sensationally it was the first time that a 100-to-1 shot had triumphed. Before the race Tipperary Tim was almost unknown; now crowds surged toward the paddock to see the freak winner. One man, wild with excitement, fought his way toward the beaming bookmakers, telling the world he had backed Tim the tortoise at 200-to-1.

A flabbergasted trainer explained that the horse had only been entered for the Grand National because "he never falls down." A triumphant rider pointed out that the longest way home had proved the surest in the end. The bookies made huge profits everywhere except in Tipperary, where other Tims, by no means tory in number, had put their shillings on the winner.

Tim became a seven-day wonder and the most talked-about horse in the world. Then, only a year after winning a record prize of £11,180, the onetime stable hack from Cashel, County Tipperary, slipped back into obscurity. In 1929 he was sold for a trifling £50 at the Royal Dublin Society Horse Show.

His hour of glory was over, but even today it seems unlikely that there will ever again be another Grand National winner quite like him.

END

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

NO FLAIN BILL

Sirs:

In tune with the times of the country, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* allows Bill Russell to speak his mind (*Success Is a Journey*, June 8). And Bill Russell does a lot of speaking out, protesting and attacking the Establishment. Many are doing just that today. Unlike others though, he does more than just shout that something is wrong. He offers some excellent solutions to problems.

JERRY THOMAS GATES

Bloomington, Fla.

Sirs:

Bill's suggestion that all winners of athletic scholarships be guaranteed a complete education is an excellent one.

JOHN COUNTRYMAN

Albert Lea, Miss.

Sirs:

Bill blows a couple of big chances where he's guilty of the sin he likes least (tell us, Bill, who is Bailey Howell?).

BOB ISRAEL

Stamford, Conn.

Sirs:

I know why Bill Russell retired from basketball, because he has more to share with the world than just his basketball skills.

CHRIS MYATT

Cleveland

Sirs:

In rebuttal to those who will call Bill Russell ungrateful to basketball and the sporting Establishment for all they've given him, he's given them much more.

MARTIN B. ERDMAN

Wilton, Conn.

Sirs:

Bill Russell's article was the best I have read on the philosophy and purpose of sports.

THOMAS D. LANCASTER

Lake Dallas, Texas

Sirs:

Few of us have the stature or opportunity to make a real and worthwhile contribution to our society. It is a genuine tragedy when someone like Russell, who has the opportunity, fails because of prejudice. There is no question our society has growing pains, but the great majority of Americans want wrongs made right every bit as much as Bill Russell, and this group includes the majority of the coaches and the majority of the police. Because I am a white cop, obviously I wouldn't be welcome at Bill Russell's home. But he will always be welcome

at mine. If we could just have a little faith in each other, the ills in our society could be remedied so much more quickly.

JAMES SEFVENS

Kernville, Calif.

Sirs:

Bill Russell is not only a credit to the field of sport but a real credit to the Human Race. We need many more like him.

C. R. WYNEGAR

Orange, Calif.

Sirs:

The strength of this article lies in its subtlety and perspective, for it is not given to fustian and vindictives. The insight of the author serves to strip away the fallacies which pervade the American sporting mind. Although SI deserves commendation for publishing this piece, true credit can rest only with the author.

THEODORE G. FAY

Canter, N. Y.

ANOTHER MCCOY

Sirs:

I realize that the definition of the term "the real McCoy" mentioned in your article on Kid McCoy (*The Real McCoy*, June 1) was taken from *The Random House Dictionary*. But isn't it true that the term refers to a black inventor of the late 1800s and early 1900s named Elijah McCoy?

EDITH MELLENDZ

Bronx, N. Y.

● There is no doubt that Elijah McCoy (1844-1929) was real. He was the holder of more than 50 patents, and he is best remembered for pioneering methods of lubricating heavy machinery. But the fighter has to be cited as the real "real McCoy" in the sports world.—ED.

THE WAY IT HAPPENED

Sirs:

The item about me in *SCORECARD* (June 1) did me a gross injustice. First of all, you failed to mention that Gary Player was 40 yards away. We had been kidding each other during my practice session prior to my performance at the Champions International Golf Tournament. Player was with a small group of people, and I had a group around me. Gary called to me a number of times to ask me to hit certain trick shots for his group of fans and friends, which I did. During this exchange of banter, and for no particular reason, I took out the blank pistol you mentioned and pointed it at Gary. When I fired it twice, several people flinched, but Gary laughed. Your account stated that he

did not laugh. This is very untrue to me.

I have worked hard to create an image that would command respect from the fans. I value my reputation and ask you to set the record straight.

PALL HAHN

Hialeah, Fla.

PROGNOSIS

Sirs:

Your *SCORECARD* piece of June 8 regarding Terry Bradshaw's operation failed to consider all the facts. Terry pulled his right hamstring muscle in the North-South Game in Miami last Christmas. Although still hurting, he played in the Senior Bowl at Mobile on Jan. 10. Terry and his family physician believed the injury was a minor one, and his recovery was progressing normally until he began workouts in preparation for the Coaches All-America Game in Lubbock. Only then did he discover the injury had not healed properly or completely.

At this point, he mentioned his condition to our trainer, Ralph Berlin. We then had Terry examined by our team physician, Dr. John Best, who discovered the calcium deposit. Dr. Best concluded that the best and most certain way to restore the muscle was through surgery. The operation was performed exactly one week after the examination. It would have been done the same day, but Terry had to return to Louisiana Tech for final examinations.

DANIEL M. BOONYA

Vice President

Pittsburgh Steelers

Pittsburgh

CONTINENTAL DIVIDE

Sirs:

I take issue with your negative opinion about the chance of the 1976 Olympic Games sites by the International Olympic Committee (*SCORECARD*, May 25). I do not minimize the tremendous capabilities of Los Angeles, but Montreal will do a fine job. What's more, Canada has never hosted the Olympic Games, and the IOC used discretion in considering this factor.

More important, however, is the fact that the IOC did pick the best candidate for the 1976 Winter Games. Denver is the hub of winter sports activity in the U.S. Last year it was estimated that approximately 250,000 out-of-state visitors came to Colorado to ski. There have been more than 50 international sports competitions hosted in Colorado. Denver already has 80% of the necessary facilities for the Games, thereby minimizing the need for construction of expensive new facilities that would end up as white elephants in a nonmetropolitan area. It has excellent transportation facilities, a

continued

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communications network, a stadium for opening and closing ceremonies, several ice arenas, housing for competitors and officials and many hotels and motels for visitors—all necessary for a superior presentation of the Games. Furthermore, Denver, as Queen City of the Rocky Mountain Empire, is well-suited to stage a cultural arts festival during the Olympics, a required adjunct to the Games.

Denver and Colorado will host the Winter Games in the spirit of the Olympic ideal and in a manner that will bring credit to all citizens of this country during the centennial year of the State of Colorado.

RICHARD H. GIBSON

Chairman

Colorado Olympic Commission

Denver

Sirs,

The SI editorial completely overlooked the IOC's reason for choosing Montreal and Denver as 1976 Olympic sites: these two cities pledged value instead of money, money, money. Moscow offered up the Russian treasury, while Los Angeles offered a Hollywood spectacular. This was exactly opposite to IOC wishes.

It seems SI views the closeness of facilities (a la Squaw Valley) and a colossal world's-fair-type building project (a la Mexico City or Tokyo) as necessities for a successful Olympics. Modern transportation and communication negate the former and economy negates the latter. The IOC has finally downshifted. Perhaps it's a step we all should take more often.

RICHARD M. HANN

Boulder, Colo.

HOME ON THE RANGE

Sirs,

I am one of the "backpack breed who view motorized campers as unwelcome intruders" (*Camping Out the East War*, June 11), and I believe the wilderness should be reserved for those who appreciate it. We backpackers appreciate the drumming of the white-headed woodpecker and hold disdain for the blaring of the portable radio. We love the panorama from the top of Yosemite Point more than the soap operas from the portable TV sets on the valley floor. And we would prefer to depend on the map and compass to warn us of our approach to "civilization" rather than the frequency of the cigarette wrappers and beer cans.

Yes, there is a place for camping out with all the conveniences—your own backyard.

EDGAR J. HILL

Berkeley, Calif.

Address editorial mail to Time & Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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